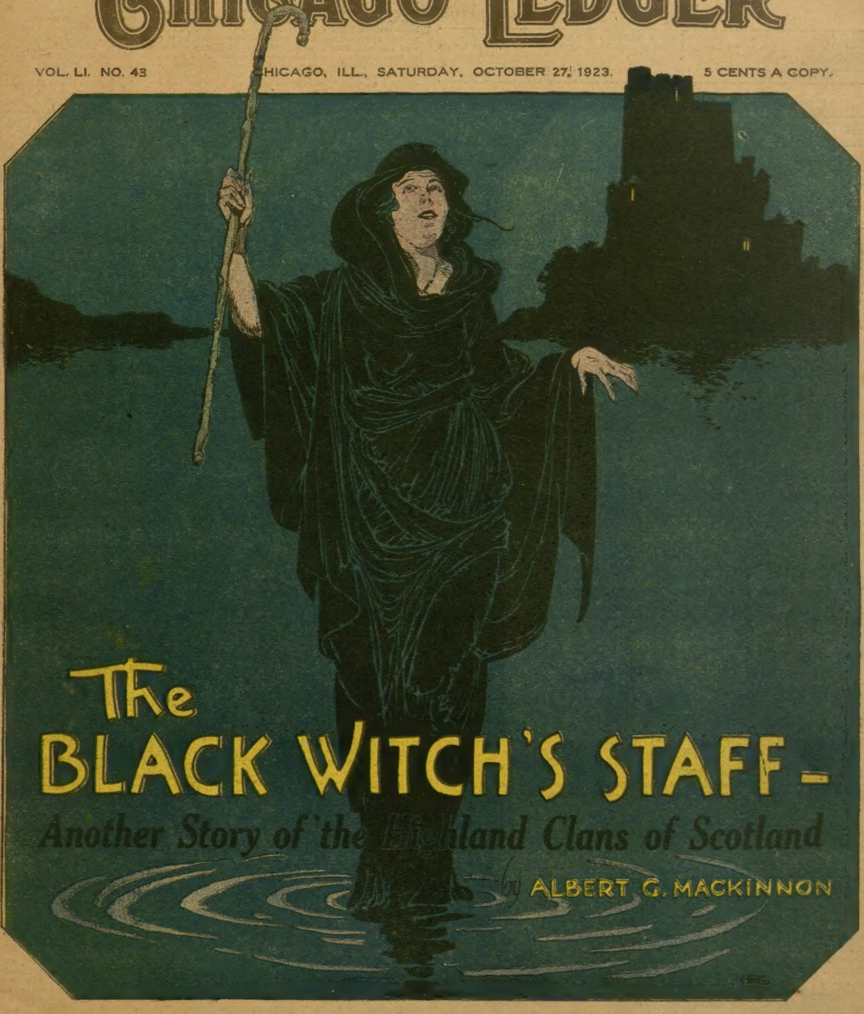
STORIES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 43 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1923. 5 CENTS A COPY.



The BLACK WITCH'S STAFF–

Another Story of the Highland Clans of Scotland

by ALBERT G. MACKINNON

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VOL. LI. OCTOBER 27, 1923. NO. 43.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

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For Display, $2.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

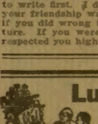
TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it
May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

Miss Parsons: I am coming to you with my problem. It is this: I have many boy friends but when they (not all, of course) get me alone they tempt and coax me. Should I continue going with them? Why do they act so and what shall I answer when they ask me why I won't kiss them? I met a boy some time ago and he is going to his home State now. He asked me to write to him. Shall I write to him first and did I do wrong in giving him my picture?
PUZZLED

No doubt the boy friends to whom you refer feel so inclined if they tempt and coax you, but the thing for you to do is to inform them and show them by your refined and cultured manner that you do not care for such actions. Do not go out with them the second time. Merely tell them that you do not care to kiss them when they ask you why you refuse. If you carry on a correspondence with your friend when he goes away, it is his place to write first. I do not know how close your friendship was, or I might tell you if you did wrong in giving him your picture. If you were good friends and he respected you highly, there is no harm in his having your picture, but if he is one of the kind you mention above, you certainly did wrong.



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Dear Miss Parsons: I am not like several of the boys and girls that I see have written to you, because I have the darlingest mother and father in the world, but I want "your" advice, too, "Fairy Godmother." Now for all the riddles. When a boy comes to see you how do you act and what must you talk about to entertain him? Does it make a boy think less of you to keep on talking about another girl to him? How do you introduce two boys or two girls or a boy and a girl properly? At a party or in any public place, how must you act to be popular enough to be loved? I have a girl friend that has gone with a boy ever since little tots, but the boy goes with another girl now and she still loves him. What must she do to get him back? Is it all right for a girl to invite a boy to see her? My problem is this: The boy that I like has another girl friend and she is a great pal of her sister and loves him very much. They live next door to each other, and of course, when the boy's sister goes anywhere she gets her friend to go with her. They stay at each other's homes nearly all of the time, and of course, this throws this boy and girl together lots. Both girls are friends of mine, so please tell me what to do. How would you get a boy to love you if he is undecided about which of two girls he loves best?
BLUE EYES OF "OLE 10."

I am very glad if I can play Fairy Godmother to you and have you benefit by it. Possibly you will prove entertaining to your friends when they call, if you show your interest in the various current happenings in the world of sports or activities in which young people are engaged. Do not talk all evening about one girl, particularly if the remarks are not complimentary. Introduce two boys or two girls by saying, "Mr. Thompson, I should like to have you make the acquaintance of Mr. Brown;" or, "Miss Williams, let me present my friend Miss Sharp." The same applies to each case you mention. Your friend should be charming and sweet and not talk of her love affairs to any one, that the young man in the case will know she is worrying or grieving over his actions. A young girl might invite a young boy to call upon her but it is seldom done unless she is entertaining a party of friends. A boy generally decides between two girls, thru his affection and tastes. One young man might see in one girl what another might not, so that the only way to win him is to possess a very pleasant personality, be natural, sensible, as clever as possible without forcing your wit and be respectable. If these qualities in a girl do not attract a young man, he is an unusual person.

Dear Miss Parsons: Being interested in reading your timely and helpful advice and being the first time I have written to you, I have a few questions upon which I wish your advice. You, no doubt, as well as others, have heard these familiar expressions made by both sexes, the prevalent among the fair sex, "That man treats her any way he pleases—she is soft to take such treatment from him—she takes everything without complaint," and other expressions. When men or women permit themselves "to be treated any way—soft to take such treatment," from a person they wish to win, is it that they are afraid of losing them if they show independence, or speak up for themselves, or, is it that they love so much? Is that a sign of love or fear? It is a general opinion among men that women who have reached the age of maturity, have born within them a "sixth sense," enabling them to judge a man's actions and thought which govern their part in love affairs. Is it because of this fact that women take what others would resent, whether married or single? In which case has either sex the better chance of winning the person of their choice? Is a man more attracted to the girl who asserts her independence, ready to speak up for herself, or the girl who takes it all without a murmur? Whom do you think should assume the leadership and responsibility in a home; wife or husband, for the best results?
A VIRGINIAN.

Yes, I have heard the above-mentioned expressions many times and they have upon many occasions given me much food for thought. Of course, a great deal depends upon the individual in each case. There are many girls today who are "soft to take" some of the treatment they do merely to hold a man, and, too, there are many young men giving in to the treatment they receive from young girls, merely to hold them. There are a great many girls to whom love means a lot and there are others who play with love as they play with fire. The one who really loves will give in perhaps to merely be agreeable, and then there are others who are so wrapped in their fiance's affections that they are ready to jump at their beck and call. And the same applies to the masculine gender. There are any number of agreeably "soft" men who give in to a girl that things will run along smooth and there are others just naturally too weak to show any independence for fear of hurting their loved one's feelings. One who really loves can overlook many things in the loved one, that others might resent. Each has his own likes and dislikes among different persons the same as in their choice of food, entertainment or anything. If we were all alike in this respect, what a funny world this would be. A girl, or a man, admires a person who asserts independence, as no one, no matter how much they really love, can admire the weakling. Both the husband and wife should assume the leadership and responsibility in a home to obtain the better results. Each must give and take the equal amount to make the business of running a home work out. They may not think they are giving equal parts, but unless they are, there will sooner or later be some friction, maybe small, or perhaps large. Again I say, the individual has a great deal to do with it.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am engaged to be married in the month of December. What should my parents send out in the form of wedding announcements. When should they be sent? I will thank you very much for this information. May I come again some time with some more problems?
VIOLET.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lambert announce the marriage of their daughter Helen to Charles Henry Webber of Washington, December Fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three, at the First Congregational Church. At home after January First, at 1323 Vine street, Saint Louis. The latter might be placed in the lower left-hand corner. I shall be very glad to help you with any problem you might have.

* * *

A Mountain Nymph

By Arthur Talmadge Abernethy

THERE is nothing in the study of the law to make one fat. When that study is carried on for two long years under a crusty old bachelor like Colonel Tom, who demands the name and date of every enabling and restraining statute from Simon de Montfort to Victoria, the wear and tear equal that of six months of breakbone fever. Ches Radburne, at least, thought so, last spring, after the boys had passed their examinations before the Supreme Court and had celebrated the event by getting gloriously elated at the Park Hotel. The Park tipple was a sort of cross between red-pepper and perdition, and as Ches didn't have a great amount of blood in him after his scuffle with Blackstone and Coke he was pretty soon "gloriously full."

When a man makes a hilarious vow, overnight, the first thing, on his recovery of reason, should be to revoke it on the ground of incapacity to promise. On the next morning, however, Ches refused to admit that he had been in a maudlin state of mind, and ratified his contract with Bob Briscoe. That contract was to spend the summer months on foot among the mountains of Western North Carolina. Accordingly, while the June days were still young, and younger in the hills than elsewhere, our story overtakes Bob and Ches resting upon a huge bowlder on the very top of the Blue Ridge, mopping the sweat from their foreheads, and at the selfsame moment shivering in the mountain breeze which struck them full and fair. A small red squirrel—called "mountain boomer" by the natives—bit off a twig overhead and threw it as if in challenge at their feet.

Ches answered the challenge by unstrapping his gun from his shoulder and bringing the little fellow down from his perch. Their guide, a big mountaineer whom they called Samson, looked up with a new interest in his eye at the shot. He cherished a sort of friendly contempt for the lowlanders because they "wore starched shirts and talked out of books, while they had no common sense.

"They ain't a marksman in the cove could a'beat that shot," ventured Samson.

The sun was going down beneath the level of their vision, and a hundred peaks in sight were aflame like altar fires. Nearby, the gray uneven crags; farther away smooth and green; still farther, gentle and blue, like the ocean at rest; while in the dim distance a broad, fiery rim threw a scarlet haze over all. Peaks above them where it was still day; cavernous gorges below where it was settled night. All this majestic display was lost on the three—on Samson because he had seen it all for sixty summers; on Ches and Bob because they had tramped twenty mountain miles and were hungry. Hunger eats up sentiment, and mountain miles tend to make people hungry. These people have a way of saying it is the "rise" of so many miles to such a place; travelers have never been able to make out what the "rise" means, unless it is that after one has gone the requisite number of miles he rises to "cuss" the fellow who had directed him.

"Gentlemen," ventured Samson, "it don't take all day to get night up here in the mountains; it always comes down with a snap. We'd better be gettin' down from here and find a place to hang up for the night."

Bob and Ches got up and shook themselves. Following their guide, they commenced a slow and perilous descent of the steep western slope of the ridge. Unfortunately for Radburne's overtaxed muscles, just as they were nearing the bottom of the gorge, he stepped on a loose piece of sandstone and pitched violently down the mountainside a distance of twenty feet. When Samson and Briscoe picked him up they found him pretty well bruised and his ankle severely sprained.

"This is a pretty pass," said Briscoe, "and I'll bet there is not a surgeon in twenty miles."

"Worse than that," said Samson, "there's no house except old Sime Mumford's within five miles, and Sime is in the Federal jail, and nobody home but Mag. I expect she's at the still-house yet. That is just a few yards down here. We'll go by and see."

Supporting Ches by either arm, they went slowly and cautiously a few hundred yards, when they came upon a clearing. They saw the still-house in the fast-gathering darkness.

"Mag, Oh, Mag!" It was Samson's voice that broke the silence and started a dozen echoes. They saw a slight girlish figure darken the doorway, and in the deep silence that followed the death of the dozen echoes they heard the double click of a gun hammer. A sweet, girlish

(Continued on Page 14.)

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

T. N. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Adv.

* * *

AUTOMOBILE MAKES 27 MILES ON AIR.

An automobile goes 27 miles on air by using an automatic device which was installed in less than 5 minutes. The automobile was only making 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline but after this remarkable invention was installed, it made better than 57. The inventor, Mr. J. A. Stransky, 80 Eleventh Street, Pukwana, South Dakota, wants agents and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.—Adv.

The BLACK WITCH'S STAFF

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON

"LACHLAN, something tells me that this adventure of yours will fraught with evil," pleaded a young girl as she stood beside her cousin on the battlements of the little castle which was then the stronghold of the Mackinnons in the island of Mull.

Her companion laughed. He was a tall, young fellow, with the figure and bearing of a true chief. His was a strong face, and his black hair and mustache heightened the look of determination on his set features. His eyes held in their dark depths the light of excitement, which the girl knew with a fainting heart that no words of hers could extinguish.

"Would you have me stay in this little place and see nothing of the great world?" he said disdainfully. "Then you are no fit bride for the Mackinnons' Chief."

"Are you a worthy wooer for the fair Helen, if you leave her defenseless here while you cross the seas?" she responded with a flash of insulted pride.

"Within these walls no enemy can reach you, Helen," he answered in calmer tones. "The faithful Donald has forty men to guard you, and why should any one dare to meddle with the Mackinnons? I have no enemies here, and if ever I am to see the world and win my spurs surely it is now. Besides, the Earl of Antrim, who is an old friend, needs me. I shall join his standard and see some fighting in Ireland, and earn a name that will make the MacLeans and the MacLeods have a wholesome respect for the Mackinnon. Besides, with Antrim at my back, I will gain a position in these Islands that will secure me lifelong influence."

"Come now, Lachlan, you stupid boy, that is not your own original idea. I know that very well. Tell me who put it first into your head," Helen asked with a roguish look in her eyes.

"You are a perfect little witch, fair cousin mine," he responded, smiling. "Ronald MacLean may have fixed my purpose. The fellow envies me the honor, and has confessed his spleen that he has not got the same chance. He told me how he would have jumped at it if only Antrim had asked him."

"A clever fellow is Ronald. I read it all in his eyes the last time I saw him; but, Lachlan, you are as blind as a bat to near things, and have only eyes for the battlefields of Ireland. What if Ronald had an eye on the fairest of your possessions?"

"He would have to take it off and be quick about it," replied the hot-blooded youth, as he placed his hand on his claymour. "He is afraid of me."

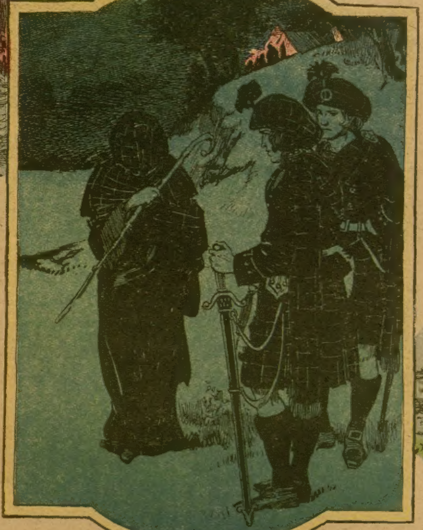
"And that is just why he wants you out of Mull, don't you see, thick-head?" laughed the girl.

"My arm is long enough to reach from Ireland if the fellow should attempt mischief; but he will not, for he knows the consequence. Besides, he can do nothing. What lands of mine does he covet?"

"It is not lands which attract him most. Can you not understand, silly one?" Lachlan read her meaning in her eyes, and his cheeks flushed.

"By the ashes of Saint Columba! If the villain dares even to speak to you I shall roast him alive when I return." Then as his sudden fit of passion passed, he added: "Helen, look at this lake girt castle; Lochbuy would not venture to attack it. As long as you remain inside you are safe; and after what you have said I must ask you to keep within its walls until I return. If you promise, then I shall go away with a light heart."

"You are very proud of your castle," replied Helen with a teasing smile, "and have more confidence in its strength than I have. The lake is certainly a good rampart, and Donald I know will die rather than let an enemy inside the gate; but Lochbuy might get his friend Duart to help him, and there is strength in numbers. However, I will give my word not to leave these walls as long as they can shelter me, and to send you word if there is any danger. But haste ye back soon again, for my aunt says that the marriage day must be fixed, and then I will have a right to command you."



"Lead Me Without the Camp and the Keys Shall Be Yours."

The twinkle in her eye brought a smile to the face of the young chief as he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Yes, you will command me then; but first I must go and earn my marriage present and bring you the laurels of war to lay at your feet; for the fair Helen must only marry a hero. Busy yourself meantime in preparing the bridal wardrobe, and the happy day will come soon enough."

"Lachlan," she said, as she laid her hand on his arm, "you have heard of the Black Witch's staff—if ever it is sent to you, promise me to break it secretly. That is all I ask."

"A strange request, truly; but never fear, I will keep it in mind if the uncanny thing should fall into my hands. You are too superstitious, Helen," Lachlan said with a laugh as he turned away.

That night the chief started off on his journey to Ireland, and Helen was left alone with her aunt in the little castle.

As she looked out from her casement on the moon-lit waters that lapped the rocky islet on which it was perched a subtle fear crept into her heart. She admired the adventurous spirit of her lover, but she shook her head at his rashness and lack of thought.

A fortnight passed, and then one morning Donald came with an anxious look on his face.

"I have given orders," he said, "that the drawbridge is not to be lowered unless there are ten men at the gate."

"Why not?" she asked, tho her premonition of evil had already supplied an answer.

"Because of news which has reached me. Lochbuy, hearing that the chief is away, has aroused the MacLeans, and he has got Duart to help him with two hundred men. They mean to seize this castle and capture Mackinnon's lands."

"What share in the spoil has been promised to Duart?" was Helen's next anxious question.

"He is to get the lands."

"And what will there be left for Lochbuy himself?"

But Donald was silent.

"Can the forty of you hold the place?" asked Helen a minute afterwards.

"Every man of us will die for you, fair mistress, but forty against five hundred are serious odds."

"I know, Donald, you will do your best; but I should like to spare such terrible bloodshed. What are their terms?"

"Unconditional surrender, and not a man of us will think of it."

That night Helen saw lights on the shore, the campfires of an army large for Mull. She heard the noise of singing and dancing. Lochbuy was already celebrating his victory before it was won, and Helen smiled; for a sudden idea had entered her mind.

"The place will be saved, and not a life lost, and I shall go free and unmolested!" she exclaimed to herself, as the plot unfolded itself in her brain. "It will require, however, not the weapons of men, but the wit of a woman."

THREE nights later, Lochbuy and Duart were walking by the shores of the lake, and looking with greedy eyes at the prey which seemed about to fall into their hands.

The little castle stood on what had been a jutting peninsula, but which by artificial means had been transformed into an island. The neck had been severed, and across this narrow reach of water an entrance was obtained by the lowering of a long drawbridge.

"Tomorrow the carpenters will have the wooden platform prepared and we will be able to run this right across the channel. A dozen men are ready to row over in boats and drive stakes into the sand on which it can rest. We will set fire to the gate, and once we gain an entrance the handful of Mackinnons will soon be cut to pieces," Lochbuy remarked to his friend.

"It sounds all right," was the response, "but old Donald and his men will exact a bloody toll."

Suddenly Lochbuy laid his hand excitedly on the arm of his friend.

"By all the saints! What monster is that upon the water?" he exclaimed in terror, as he pointed to a strange object that was moving towards them over the moonlit waves.

Duart returned the terrified clutch of his friend.

"It can be nothing human," he whispered hoarsely.

"It has a head and hands and feet, and is walking on the surface of the lake. It is the ghost, the wraith of the man I killed last year come to torment me," exclaimed the other, conscience-stricken.

"No, it is a woman, dressed in black with a cowl on her head, and her long hair streaming from below it. See, she is bending her body and trailing her arms in the water, then raising them and throwing them back. Listen to her weird chant. It is a woman's voice."

"Then it must be the Black Witch. See, she holds her crooked staff in her hand. It is a bad omen if she comes our way—unless we can get her blessing," replied Lochbuy.

The two men stood holding each other as they watched the strange figure approaching. Nearer and nearer came the woman over the water, and her low Gaelic song sounded clearer. It was the MacLeans' lament. At every step she waved her arms with the same peculiar motion. Dipping her staff with its crook downmost into the water until her hands touched the waves, then she slowly drew it out. Next she passed it round to her back and lowered it once more into the lake.

It was a weird sight, and no wonder the two young men held their breath. As the Witch, whom now they were convinced she was, came closer, they saw that she was only ankle deep in the waves, where at least there must have been a depth of several feet of water.

When within a few yards of the shore she stopped and straightened herself, standing motionless on the surface of the lake. Then her voice broke into a cackle, and her figure seemed to shake with suppressed merriment.

"Little ones," she croaked in a cracked voice, "I believe you are afraid of the Black Witch, ho! ho! ho! I can bring you fortune or failure, which will you have? Wish a wish, what will you have?"

"The keys of yonder castle," suddenly responded Lochbuy, who had a strong belief in the black art and was alert enough to profit by the occasion.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the Witch. "You seek the maid with the necklace of pearls. Well, the keys shall be yours. Here they are," and quickly, as if she had caught them out of the air she dangled a bunch of keys before their eyes. "They open all the chambers, and there is no place where the maid can hide."

"She comes with favors," whispered Lochbuy to his friend. "We must try and keep her good-will." Then he called to the Witch. "And what kindness can we render you."

"It is your Highland pride that will not take a favor without returning it," she laughed in reply. "Well, well, the Witch must ask something. It shall be the plaid of Lochbuy himself. For I must needs pass thru your ranks, and the men if they saw my face would run for fear. So you must give me your plaid which I shall throw over my head and shoulders, and then you, too, must guide me safely thru your camp, for I have a tryst to keep on Beinn Talaidh. Moreover, I come in peace. Three things you must promise me ere I give you the keys. You must swear not to shed a drop of blood, and not to displace a single stone of that castle, and must pledge your word to meet me three weeks hence at the place which I shall name. These are my conditions."

"Easily accepted, fair dame," replied Lochbuy." Over our crossed claymores we swear to do what you ask."

"Then yours shall be a bloodless victory, and for this favor you will henceforth be the Black Witch's liegemen."

Lochbuy shivered at her words; but the prize she offered was too tempting to be refused even on these terms.

"Regard us as your retainers," was the gallant answer, as Lochbuy, standing on a rock, reached out his plaid, which was caught by the staff held in the Witch's hand.

"Now turn and face to the hills and see not the manner of my coming ashore," she said.

The two youths obeyed, and next minute they felt an uncanny presence between them. It was a woman's figure covered by a plaid thrown over head and shoulders.

"Lead me without the camp and then the keys shall be yours," were her muffled words, and taking each a hand they conducted their mysterious visitor by side paths past where their men were lounging and sleeping.

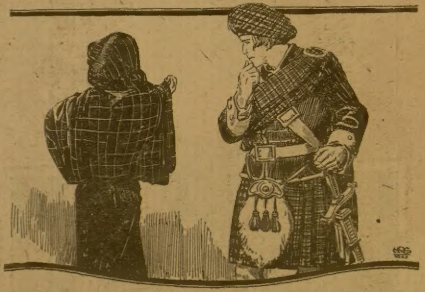
At the edge of the moorland they halted. Their guest did not raise the plaid but she passed into Lochbuy's hand the bunch of keys, and then with a sprightly step vanished up the hill.

That very night Lochbuy and Duart called their men together, and silently in boats, instead of waiting for the platform which had been prepared, they rowed to the castle gate.

Their presence seemed undetected.

"The place is bewitched," whispered Lochbuy joyfully, as he inserted the key. The bolt moved back and the gate opened. In the courtyard was Donald and some of his Highlanders, but they offered no resistance.

"Guard the entrance so that the fair Helen cannot escape," Lochbuy shouted as he rushed towards the chamber which he knew was hers. But tho he searched, no trace of MacKinnon's bride could be found. Her aunt was there, but would offer no explanation. Lochbuy's wrath rose, but his awe of the Witch checked his passion. To break froth with the supernatural would only be to invite a terrible judgment, thought the youth, so he confined his anger and disappointment to words merely, tho they were hot enough.



They Were Alone Now, and She Stood for a Moment With Her Back to Him.

"We ought to make a heap of stones of this wretched castle," he said to Duart.

"The Witch's bane has become a blessing to the place," replied his friend, "for we dare not touch a single stone."

THE Earl of Antrim was entertaining his officers at a banquet when word reached MacKinnon that his castle had been captured by MacLean of Lochbuy.

Flushed with fury, the young chief rose from the table, and called for volunteers to follow him and revenge his wrongs. But there was no response. The gay knights there served for gold or fame, and a poor Highland Chief had neither to offer, for what distinction could be gained in joining in a petty quarrel.

It was then MacKinnon learned that chivalry had its price. He appealed in vain to his host to lend him a hundred men, but the Earl smiled. He had more important projects in hand.

Indignantly MacKinnon left the table. He had no money, and thus had no means of raising an armed force. At the doorway he met the messenger from Mull.

"I was bidden to give you this," said the man, as he held out the Witch's staff; "and I was to tell you it was from the Black Witch."

"Much help a useless thing like this can be!" exclaimed the chief, as in his anger he broke the staff in two. Then to his amazement from a hollow within the stick there fell onto the ground a precious pearl necklace.

"It is Helen's dowry," he murmured, as he picked it up affectionately in his fingers. For tho he had not seen it before, he had been told of its worth.

"I understand now why she told me to break the staff. It is thus that she has sent me money in the moment of my need."

He hastened back to the banquet hall, and holding the necklace in his hands before the astonished gaze of all he cried:

"See, I am able to offer every man his price."

At these words a change came over the company. A hundred knights leaped to their feet, the fire of greed in their eyes, and flourishing their swords, promised to follow him to death. The Earl also treated him with more consideration and spoke sympathetically of his troubles.

MacKinnon chose fifty of the stoutest warriors, and hired a ship to take him to Mull. After a fair passage one morning they sighted Treshnish Point. There a man stood on the beach and waved to the approaching vessel. The Chief recognized one of his clansmen, and asked if all was well.

"The Black Witch has sent me here, as she knew you would be coming, and this would be the first land you would make for. She asks you to go round to Camus-na-fola, there she will await you and tell you what you must do."

Meanwhile Lochbuy and Duart had got a message from the Witch to meet her on the following night at Ledaig House.

"Gladly do I accept her invitation," exclaimed the outwitted MacLean, "for whether she be spirit or devil I care not. I shall be revenged."

But a woman's wit was mightier than claymore or dirk. Lochbuy and Duart brought a hundred men wth them, "For," said the former, "a witch might take much killing."

They hardly expected the welcome which awaited them. A generous repast had been provided, and hogsheads of wine were in abundance.

"It is good stuff," said Duart, as he broached a cask of whisky, "and here's to the health of the Black Witch!"

Lochbuy demurred, but his protests were futile compared with the attractions of the liquor. Highlander after highlander emptied his glass, and soon Lochbuy was no longer able to resist the temptation but joined in the carousel. For long the boisterous company drank and sang and quarreled, and then the fumes began to have a soporific effect. Lochbuy and Duart overcome with sleep lay down on the floor, and their retainers sprawled all around them, and soon the silence of a deep slumber fell over the scene.

Meantime MacKinnon and his men had landed at Camus-na-fola, and there the Black Witch met him. She was dressed as on the night when she had walked the waters of the lake. Her head was hidden in the shadows of a large hood, and one could only catch a glimpse of the wrinkled cheeks. At the sight of her MacKinnon shrank back, for she looked so weird and unearthly.

"Fear not," muttered the cracked voice. "I am about to give you back your lands and castle and your bride."

"Where is she?" demanded the young chief feverishly.

"In safer keeping than where you left her," was the answer. "But I have conditions. This also must be a bloodless victory, and if one hair of Lochbuy or Duart or their men is injured then shall the curse of the Black Witch rest upon you and you shall lose all. Swear over crossed claymores that you will obey me."

MacKinnon promised in solemn tones.

"Then go this very night to Ledaig House," continued the Witch. "There you will find your enemies sound asleep. Hang your unsheathed claymores above their heads, and there I shall meet you with your bride."

"Come, men," said the young chief. "Let every one of you cut a caber of pine and snick off knot and branch. Also choose for me a long straight caber, but leave it with all its branches on."

Thus armed they marched to Ledaig House. Here each man stuck his caber into the ground, and the chief placed his pine, which is the badge of the MacKinnons, opposite the front door. All around the MacLeans lay sleeping.

Entering the room where Lochbuy and Duart were lying he hung his bare claymore above their heads. In the hall when he was leaving he suddenly felt a gentle touch on his arm and looking round saw the Witch beside him.

"Your bride awaits you in this room," she said in a sweet voice that sent a tingle thru his veins. She opened an adjoining door, and entered a lighted apartment.

They were alone now, and she stood for a moment with her back to him. She was wearing still the dark cloak and cowl, but her hands were busy with something. Suddenly she flung the hood and cloak from her, and turning round faced the astonished chief. She was no longer the Witch but fair Helen in all her dazzling beauty.

MacKinnon stood stunned with surprise.

"Your bride gets a cold welcome," she said with a laugh. "It is a poor return for saving your castle, your men, and keeping herself for you."

Then MacKinnon dropped on his knees before her, and seizing her hand lifted it passionately to his lips.

"I have been a fool," he murmured.

"Albeit a brave one," she answered with an encouraging smile. At which he rose to his feet and caught her in his arms.

"Now," she said, "we must hasten to your castle and take possession before these men recover from their wine."

Horses were in readiness, and they had a long way to ride.

"A dozen men at arms is all you need take as escort," remarked Helen, as they started, "for Donald has the Clan roused and two hundred strong they are waiting to welcome back their chief."

Dawn was just beginning to break when they came in sight of the castle. MacKinnon was about to turn towards the gate, when Helen caught the bridle of his horse.

"You and I," she said, "will enter by another way." She took him to where as a witch she had landed in the presence of Lochbuy and Duart.

"Look, I have got Donald to build me a passageway under the surface of the water," she continued. "I knew the danger I was in, and recognized that I must have some means of escape. So I got the men to drive down long stakes, and to lay planks from section to section, and in order to prevent pursuit I arranged that at every few yards the end of one of these planks should be unfastened and be lying loose on the bottom, but so arranged that I could fish it up with the end of my crook. Paint and costume did the rest; your enemies took me for the Black Witch who is supposed to haunt these regions. Follow me carefully and we will soon be safe at home."

Slowly she led the way across the lake, every now and then fishing up the planks which formed the hidden bridge.

"A woman's wit," exclaimed MacKinnon as he caught his bride in his arms on the battlements of his castle, "is worth far more than a warrior's weapons."

"And a Highlander's pride," she replied, "will prove a more lasting bond than legal document. When Lochbuy and Duart see that they were in your power last night, and you generously refused to be revenged and spared their lives, they will respond to your generosity by proving that they also will not be less magnanimous and a lasting peace will be secured."

Helen's prediction was fulfilled, and for years the sword was sheated in Mull.

Lines on a Skeleton

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But, start not at the dismal void—
If social Love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But thru the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke!
Yet gentle Concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?—
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed,
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

A BURNT OFFERING

by HAPSBURG LIEBE

MOUNTAINEER HARRISON KING was a huge, gaunt, silent man with yellowish hair and beard, and deep, deep-blue eyes. He lived in the cliff-lined valley that lies between the Stony Bald and the even more majestic Ironhead, in a rambling cabin of logs that his father's father had built in the days when there were Indians. Thru the man's veins ran a fine lot of straight old English blood, blood that had begun to cry out bitterly against the clinging reputation for buck-wildness that he had earned in his twenties and against the utter narrowness of his life in the fastnesses of the everlasting hills. Harrison King had been an outlaw, and he had served a term in the State's prison; that had been years before, but the stigma remained. . . .

His little wife, who had been Sallie Speers in her maiden days, had given him but one child, a blue-eyed and yellow-haired boy whom they had named Luther. Luther was now 17, and large for his age. His father said to him one morning:

"Put on yore best clo'es, Lute."

The lad turned wonderingly to his mother. Her soft brown eyes were wide and full of pain. She looked away without speaking to him.

The voice of his viking-like father came again:

"Put on yore best clo'es, Lute."

"Am I a-goin' some'eres?" Luther drawled.

"Yes, you're a-goin' some'eres."

Harrison King thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, and went out to the cabin yard. There he heated himself at the woodpile, found his knife and bit of cedar, and began to whittle.

Luther put on a poorly-fitting suit of brown jeans, a "hickory" shirt, a cheap felt hat and a pair of boots with brass-rimmed toes and red-leather tops.

Only the boy ate of the breakfast that was announced a few minutes later. His parents were woefully lacking in their appetites. The mother sat at her place silently, her eyes hidden by a faded calico bonnet; the father stood at the head of the table, absent-mindedly sipping a cup of black coffee. It was the faded bonnet that first aroused the lad's suspicions; his mother rarely wore it so low on her brow.

He looked toward his sire, and asked frightenedly:

"Pap, is some o' our kin dead?"

"No," answered Harrison King, and he lifted his cup of black coffee with a wonderfully steady hand.

Luther pursued tremulously: "Whar am I a-goin' to, pap?"

"I'll tell ye shortly, son. Be shore to eat all ye wants."

As the boy rose and pushed back his chair, his mother left the room. Thru a window Luther saw her going slowly up thru the dwarfed cedars that grew above the cabin; she was walking a little blindly, and into his youthful imagination flashed a picture he had seen in an illustrated Bible—the picture of a Man struggling up a long hill with a cross on His shoulders.

Luther was more frightened than ever now. He stepped quickly to the window, opened it, and called:

"Mother! Mother! Whar are ye a-goin' to?"

There was no answer. She had disappeared among the cedars. Luther went to his father, whom he found standing in the front doorway with an old and worn stuffed carpetbag in his hand.

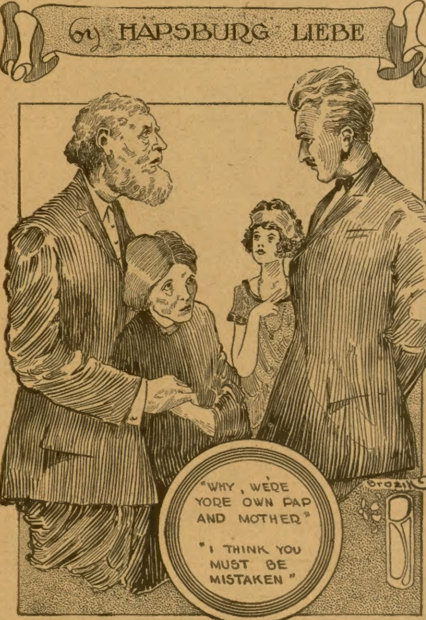
"Come wi' me, son," Harrison King said huskily.

He took the lad by an arm and led him from the old home cabin, let him thru the red-and-gold autumn leaves and to the crest of majestic Ironhead Mountain. There the elder King stretched out a long arm and pointed across Horse Cove, past the blunt nose of Cherokee Spur, and to where a small lowland city lay under a black cloud of its own smoke.

"You've heerd me talk o' Biddle Powers," he said. "He lives down thar in Johnsville. He's a rich man. I was down to see him last week. He's agreed to take you and edgicate ye, and make a good man o' ye, a thing I cain't never do. My repitation, a-havin' been to the State prison, is a thing you cain't live down as long as you live at home. I had to promise that I'd leave the country, and never bother him, afore he'd agree to take ye. In the years to come, son, rickollect we done it acause we loved ye. . . . Go down there, hunt up Biddle Powers, and tell him you're Luther King; he'll unnerstand. Good-by. . . ."

He passed the carpetbag with reluctance to the boy, who took it mechanically. Then he took his son's pale face between his great hands, and kissed him on the forehead. The next second he had turned homeward.

Luther King had never disobeyed his father's will. He had never even questioned it. He turned toward Johnsville in the lowland.


"WHY, WE'RE YORE OWN PAP AND MOTHER"
"I THINK YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN"

The viking found his wife waiting in the cabin doorway. He sat down on the stone step, and she sat down beside him and hid her face against his breast.

The leaden hours of the day dragged on, and twilight came with a new loneliness. The couple couldn't bear a night there now. Everywhere there was something that had belonged to their son, something that cried out and wrung their hearts. They loaded the little furniture they possessed into the one-horse, covered wagon, and set out for a new country.

And nobody saw them start. Nobody knew where they went. . . .

CAME seventeen years.

In a cabin in the wilds of another State's mountains, Harrison King and his wife lived their simple lives. Gray hairs were thick now in the hair and beard of the vikings; silver threads had won a victory over the dark ones in Sallie King's thin plaits. On the face of each sat patience and self-denial supreme.

"Pap," whispered the woman one evening, when they were sitting together in the doorway and watching the shadows gather in the valley below—"Pap, I'm afeard I cain't stand it no longer. I want us to go back down into Tennessee, jest to find out how Lute is a-makin' out. Yore bad name must shorely be fo'got by now. I 'magine, pap, I see him a-livin' in a big, fine house, wi' a fine wife, and everything that life can gi' him that's wo'th while. I bet he's got a yaller mustache and beard, like yores used to be, and I bet he's got a blue-eyed boy 'at's jest like him when he was a boy. That's the way I see him in my mind."

"I been a-thinkin'," smiled Harrison King, "them same things. In the mornin' we'll hitch up and hit the trail, Sallie."

Sallie King went to her feet and danced into the cabin like a schoolgirl.

Early the following day, the old couple climbed into a covered wagon, and began the long and tedious journey down a winding mountain road that led toward Tennessee.

A LITTLE more than a week later, they reached the outskirts of a much bigger Johnsville than they had known. The sun had set, and the autumn air was almost cold; old Sallie wore, in addition to her black yarn shawl, her husband's ragged coat about her thin, stooped shoulders. Old Harrison drove in his shirt sleeves, and declared every other minute that he was entirely comfortable, tho it was all he could do to keep his wife from seeing that he was really shivering.

They drove straight to the heart of the town, between lines of glaring electric street lamps that made the world seem a strange place. Vehicles without horses to pull them whirred past, with horns blowing, and their horse, despite his age, was frightened a dozen times into an attempt to run away.

The gray viking drew his wagon in close to the curbing, and beckoned to a man who was standing nearby.

"Can you tell me whar Luther King lives?" he wanted to know; and his wife bent forward with all her patient soul in her eyes while the stranger considered.

"Luther King? I work for Luther King. I know where he lives, if I can only tell you how to get there. Now listen: You drive down this avenue you're on until you reach the fifth cross street; then you turn to your right, and go down that street until you come to the third avenue after leaving this one; you turn to your left there, and go to the third house on the right, which is a whale of a big house of white brick and marble. That's where Luther King lives."

At the stranger's last words old Harrison and his wife straightened, their hearts in their throats. The Lord was good. The whole world was a fine, happy world. Their sacrifice—their tears, their prayers, the long and lonesome days and nights—had not been in vain.

"Much obliged to ye, shore," and the old mountaineer tightened the reins. But the eagerness of the mother had to be further gratified before they went on.

"What does Luther do fo' a livin'?" she asked, and the stranger smiled as he answered:

"He owns the big iron furnace just below town. Organized the thing some six years ago, and began on nothing but his nerve."

Sallie King clutched her husband's arm tight. Truly, her cup of joy was filled to overflowing. Harrison guided his horse into the path of the other vehicles, and urged it forward at its best gait.

As they were leaving the business section behind, the old woman whispered:

"Harrison, you shorely don't think he'd turn us down, do ye?"

There had been an apprehensive shadow on his sober face.

"Never, honey," he said stoutly. "Our Lute wouldn't never do that."

After a half-hour that seemed an age, they found the great and beautiful house for which they had been looking. They alighted from the rickety old wagon, and Harrison tied the reins to a magnolia tree at the edge of the pavement. After deciding that it were better to wear his coat into the house, he put it on, and they turned toward the gateway. They moved haltingly, for the splendor of the place overcame them. Luther had risen to a high pinnacle, indeed.

They climbed the veranda's marble steps, and soon had halted before a door of plate-glass. In a spacious room beyond they could see shining furniture, rich rugs, beautiful pictures in heavy frames of gilt, a great piano. . . . A wonderfully dressed woman sat down at the piano and began to sing, while her fingers played an accompaniment lightly. Her voice was melodious and full, and the song was an old, old hymn. . . .

The two on the veranda stood very still and listened. It was a hymn they knew, and it carried them back along the fane of their lives to the days of their youth. . . . They closed their eyes and dreamed; they saw again the old home cabin in the valley between the Stony Bald and the majestic Ironhead; they saw the blooming apple trees, and the honeysuckles and old-fashioned roses; they saw a yellow-haired boy playing with a pup and a wooden gun. . . . Old Sallie leaned against the tall, gaunt form of her husband, and he put an arm affectionately about her shoulders. . . .

When the song was done, Harrison King rapped awkwardly on the plate-glass door. A moment and a black man in a sort of uniform came in response to the summons. His manner seemed a little cold.

"The name, please," he requested.

"Harrison and Sallie King," growled the gray viking. "Is Luther King here?"

"Yes, suh." The black man nodded, and disappeared thru a wide cased opening. The woman at the piano saw them then; she rose and came to the door. Before she could speak, Luther King's mother pressed forward eagerly and asked in a voice that seemed somehow choked:

"Are you Luther's wife?"

The lady of the house smiled in a puzzled fashion. "Yes," she said.

"Luther—whar's Luther?" muttered Harrison King.

The lady of the house appeared to be a trifle annoyed.

"He is very, very busy," she told them. "Perhaps he can't see you just now."

At that moment her husband came. He was stalwart and youngish; his eyes were blue, and his hair a light brown—and he wore a well-kept, yellowish mustache! Harrison King stepped forward jerkily.

"Luther—is this you?"

"I am Luther King," was the rather business-like answer.

Sallie King stepped forward now. She held out her hands toward the man of the house.

"Don't you know us, honey?" she asked smotheredly.

"I must say," and Luther King smiled only a little, "that I don't remember you."

"Why, we're yore own pap and mother, jest come down from Virginny," announced the gray viking, trying hard to smile.

Sallie King held her breath. It was to her as she had thought it would be to stand before the Judgment Bar of the Almighty. When she thought her son never would make any reply—when it seemed to her that her old limbs must crumple beneath her—she saw the face of Luther King take on an expression that was somehow very sad to see.

"I—think you must be mistaken," said the iron man, and he softly closed the plate-glass door in their faces!

Old Harrison dragged a heavy hand across his furrowed, sunburned, brow. He could hardly believe it. So it was for this that he and poor Sallie had torn out their hearts by the roots and lain them, gladly and willingly, in the fires of the altar of sacrifice! Broken and crushed more because of his wife's disappointment than because of his own, he looked with pitying eyes into her deathly white, upturned face.

"Le's go, honey," he whispered huskily. "Let's go back to the old home cabin in the valley between the Stony Bald and the Ironhead. I wants us to spend our last days whar we had our own little Lute—and not this Luther, this ongrateful hound!"

"Hush!" was the choking reply. "Oh, Harrison—hush! He's our own flesh and blood."

"He may be that, but——"

She fell against him. The strain had told. He took her up in his great arms, strong now for all his age, carried her to the street, and placed her tenderly in the wide seat of the covered wagon that had brought them from Virginia. With fingers that were quite steady, he untied the reins, climbed into the seat beside his wife and put an arm around her, drew her head to his breast; then he clucked at the weary horse. . . .

THE horse gave out entirely just before they reached the pine-fringed crest of the Ironhead, an hour before sunset on the day following. Harrison threw off the harness, and loosed the animal in the woodland. After dragging the wagon out of the road, he took his wife's arm gently, and went with her down the mountain, thru the green laurels and the red-and-gold autumn leaves.

They stopped at the head of a little slope covered with dwarfed cedars. A few hundred feet below they saw the roof and chimney of the house that Harrison King, and his father, had been born in; it seemed little older than when they had left it seventeen years before. Old Sallie sobbed, wiped nervously at her eyes, and sat down on the leaf-carpeted ground. Old Harrison removed his hat, and dropped stiffly beside her. He took her hand reverently. Again they looked toward the cabin that for the moment was a tomb for all that had been worth having in life.

"I wisht we hadn't let him went," the old hillman said mournfully.

"Harrison," Sallie King breathed, "remember Lute hisself is happy! What else do we keer about but that? Why, we hain't got no right to stick ourselves in his big, fine house!"

Harrison put his arms around her. A drop of water splashed on her worn, faded hand. He closed his eyes then —and saw a yellow-haired boy playing among the appletrees, with a wooden gun and a young dog. . . .

Twilight came. A shivering owl poured out its uncouth heart in melancholy notes, somewhere across the valley. The cedars whispered, and the bare branches of the poplars sighed. Harrison King went stiffly to his feet, and picked up her who had been to him more than wife; he held her tight in his arms, and went, inclined to staggering, down toward the old cabin.

He saw that there was a light in the house now. Intruders! Intruders had taken possession of his holy place! . . . He flung the door open angrily, stepped across the threshold, put old Sallie into a chair.

"Out o' this house!" he cried, his spirit flashing fire from his eyes. "Out o' this house!"

Facing him stood three persons—a sweet-faced, brown-eyed woman; a yellow-haired, blue-eyed boy; and a stalwart man with blue eyes, and yellow hair and beard. Old Harrison trembled in every nerve and fibre.

"Lute! Lute!" old Sallie cried weakly. There had been another Luther King!

She rose and tottered toward her giant son. He caught her up high, high in his arms. "How long, honey," she wept, "did ye stay in town?"

Lute King glanced toward his father and smiled.

"Oh, 'bout a hour and a half," he said.

THE END.

A Slight Slip

By Amos M. D'Vaughn

HE TURNED into Woodham avenue out of Qunne street; a well-dressed man, in a soft brown hat and a dark, gray suit. He was a man around thirty-five, slight in build, and carried his shoulders erect. At the edge of the curb he paused, leisurely puffing a cigarette, at the same time carelessly whirling a slender cane in his left hand. He looked about him as a man might who is not quite sure of his grounds. His actions were the movements of a man in a town unfamiliar to him. He stood for a moment eyeing the little blue and white street sign then he crossed to the other side. Before a small, red roof house, where a bushy headed young man lounged on the veranda, he paused. Reading the house number cut in the low cement fence, 1313, he gave the house a swift glance then slowly made his way up the hedge bordered walk.

The form of the man in the chair on the veranda instantly became rigid, alert. His right hand slowly stole into his side coat pocket, gripping something cold and irregular.

The man in the gray suit mounted the veranda. He wore rubber heels, his movements were noiseless, like a cat's stalk. In the dusk of twilight he made out the figure at the far end of the porch. He moved forward with that same unhurried, cool, menacing air.

The man in the chair did not move, neither did he speak. A grim sort of smile played about his broad mouth.

The new-comer deliberately drew up a second chair. "And sometimes old friends meet again," he quoted. "Seven years since I fixed the lamps on you. But you look good at that, Dreamy." He swept the other with appraising eyes. "Growed a swell top piece 'n'everything. If it weren't for your peeps, them dreamy eyes of yours, I'd never know you. Tubby Carl told me. Said you sure was some egg in Drayton. Working in a bank. It was Tubby that give me your house number—1313 Woodham avenue. Working in a bank, eh? But you always was good at the figures, Dreamy. That's why I kept you in the gang. But it's a scream at that, you working in a bank." The dapper little man threw back his head and laughed heartily.

The other man sat motionless. Neither fear nor surprise nor bitter hate showed on his face. He merely sat staring at his guest with a sort of puzzled grimace.

Mirth died suddenly on the dapper man's face. "Well, why don't you say something?" He uttered it with a swift hotness. "Got too high and handsome to greet old friends? Want me to," he bent close, "do a little talking to the bank and your swell friends here in Drayton?"

The other glanced about him breathing hard. His clear dreamy eyes now held a queer, burning light. He seemed helpless, and kept shifting in his chair. Once his right hand moved slowly upwards out of his coat pocket then dropped back.

The keen eyes of the dapper man did not miss the movement. He laughed a short laugh and lit a flat short cigarette. Flipping the match far out upon the green lawn he cross his plump legs and sat back. "No. Guess you better not start the fireworks right now—er Mr.—what name do you live on out here in Drayton?"

"Alden Farrell is my name. Yours is——"

"Horace Hornell in Drayton, but I'm the same hard old Greeny of the back East gang, Dreamy. But here's where we shoot the frills and grab the old stuff —Dreamy and Greeny."

"What is it you want, Greeny?"

Greeny blew a cloud of heavy smoke out into the evening air. "Thought you'd wake up pretty soon," said he. "Now you listen here," he bent forward in his chair. "I got in an awful jam East. Got to beat it out the States quick. Been running the hard spots ever since that Macy Bank pull off. It's a hard life; a dog's life—this crook's game. This clean up and I'm off it for life."

"Take my advice and don't pull this one, Greeny. This one might be your bad number. It might get you."

"How?"

"I don't know, but you might slip."

"Can't slip on this. It's a sure thing. You, the most popular man in Drayton's going to be the dummy. With your paws I'm going to rake out the chestnuts!"

Farrel sat up suddenly. "Not my bank, Greeny?"

"No. Winterhill's castle."

"I can't tonight, Greeny. You must give me time to think things out. Can't you see what a risk I'm running?"

"I don't care anything about your risk. I got to get out. I'm desperate. I'm going to use you tonight."

"I might refuse."

"How about a little prison term? Lost job, sneering friends, wrecked family?"

"You rotter."

"Get your hat."

"Greeny, you wouldn't force an honest living man——"

A small white hand shot out and gripped Farrell's wrist with the strength of steel. "You cut this stuff," hissed a voice of hot desperation in his ear. "You help me beat it out the country with a pile, or we go to jail together."

"Greeny," the voice was now pleading, "you wouldn't ruin——"

"Now just a bit more of that stuff and I'll drag you out on that lawn, call all your swell neighbors over and beat you up for fair. Get your hat. Come on."

Farrell entered the house. After a bit he returned in a cap and a dark sweater buttoned tight about his neck. Together they went down the street. Woodham avenue was now dark and deserted. Except for the lonesome thumping of a piano, the suppressed ripples of unseen lovers, the thick elms that lined the walk could have been in the heart of a wood.

"How much you expect to clean up tonight, Greeny?"

"Ten thousand."

Farrell whistled.

THEY turned off Woodham into Union street; they were walking swiftly now. Two blocks lower down they crossed Grant's Square and came out on Rosewell Place; this led them into River street. River street fronted on open water. A noisy street, swarming and smelling of decaying matter and close water.

Farrell turned upon his companion. "Where're you taking me?"

"Come on."

"Is the gang in town, Greeny?"

"No. Come on."

"I'm coming. Where's the gang, Greeny?"

The other threw him a suspicious glance. "What's it to you where the gang's working at?" he shot back. "You're a queer stiff tonight, Dreamy. If I didn't have so much on you I'd swear you meant to dump me. The gang's scattered. Tubby and Hamp's down in Hutsville, Shimmy and Pete over in South River, the rest of them coming to Drayton tomorrow. All ready for a big cover-up.

Again Farrell whistled.

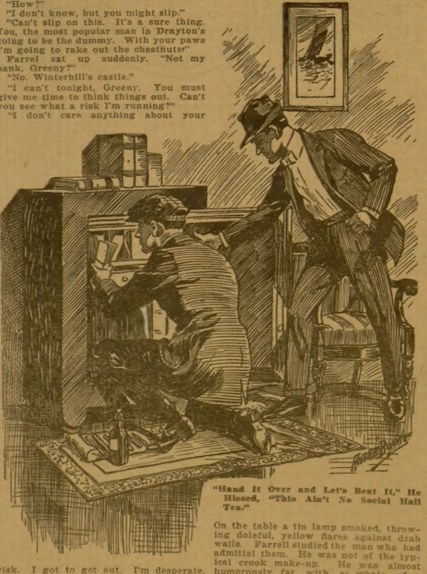
"What if the law was on, eh, Dreamy?"

"Uh, huh. It sure would be a clean-up, Greeny."

They turned into a black hole, climbing a flight of stairs, proceeded down a damp smelling hallway, banging on a door at the end of the passage.

There was the sound of creaking hinges and a voice said: "All right, come in, Greeny."

Farrell followed his companion into a tiny room. Bare of anything but a kitchen table and five battered chairs.



"Hand It Over and Let's Beat It," He Hissed, "This Ain't No Social Hall Tea."

On the table a tin lamp smoked, throwing doleful, yellow flares against drab walls. Farrell studied the man who had admittel them. He was not of the typical crook make-up. He was almost humorously fat, with a whale of a mouth, rat eyes, and rabbit ears. He was stuffed in a tight gray suit, and dirty as a boilermaker.

"Is this the horse you was talkin' 'bout, Greeny?" He jerked a stumpy thumb towards Farrell as soon as the door was bolted.

"Yeh." Greeny laughed a short, insolent laugh, threw his hat and cane on a nearby chair and pulled a second up to the table. 'How do you like the ham?"

The crook gazed at Farrell with burning eyes. "I don't have to like him," he answered, sourly. "Can he pull the stuff. That's what I want to know."

"He's got rabbit in him," informed Greeny, blowing smoke towards a dirty ceiling." "But we got enough on him to make the bird slap a polar bear with neuralgia. Known to the gang as Dreamy; 'cause he's got eyes like a poet. Flirts with Drayton's flappers as a handsome banker by the name of Alden Farrell."

The crook with the rat eyes slipped into his chair. "Grab a seat," he nodded towards Farrell. "My name's Splicy."

Farrell pulled up a third chair. "This is a kind of risky thing for me, Splicy," he said. "You know I work in the Berna Savings Bank. I stand pretty high in Drayton. People trust me."

"That's why we got to use you!" Splicy grinned.

"You understand what will happen if I slip?"

The fat crook shrugged mighty shoulders. "You know Winterhill?"

"Winterhill is my best friend," answered Farrell.

"Good, that makes it easy for you to clean him out. Of course, you know the inside of his house—where he might keep his jack?"

"We visit the Winterhills often," informed Farrell.

"The whole Winterhill family's doing a party tonight," declared Splicy, sitting back and fixing his beady eyes on a wet spot on the ceiling. "In this scrub town they ought to be home by twelve. You and Greeny drop around 'bout 2 and grab the change. There's ten thousand in the house."

"How'd you find that out?" asked Farrell.

"Don't worry over that," put in Greeny. "You know they paid it to him today at your bank to handle a deal in real estate."

"How much do I get out of this thing?" suddenly inquired Farrell.

"One thousand."

"Ten per cent and I take all the risk? Not much. I'm off."

"You'll pull it for that. I know you will," blazed Greeny.

Farrell attempted to rise. Greeny jerked him back into his seat. "You do it, or I yell," he threatened.

"Aw, he thinks we're trying to stump him," sneered Splicy, reaching under the table and dragging forth a battered black bag. "There's twenty thousand in this bit o' leather." He plumped the bag down on the table and dug out a handfull of bills. "Guess you heard 'bout the Torton bank get-away?" he smirked.

Farrell's eyes opened wide. "You didn't do that Torton bank job over in Cidarville?" he gasped.

Slicy looked over at Greeny. "This bird is a dumb one, Greeny," he laughed.

"He's dumb as beans," agreed Greeny.

"Do I come in on the twenty thousand split, too?" asked Farrell innocently.

A roar of reckless laughter greeted this. "Here," spoke up Splicy, getting back his breath, "here's your thousand before you do the job. You're lucky to get that."

"Five thousand, or nothing," held out Farrell.

Greeny snatched the package of bills from Splicy's hand. "Now," he flared up, "you don't get nothing. You do the job for love."

"Why?"

"Because I know all about that New York stuff that happened last winter."

Farrell seemed to weaken. "All right," Greeny, he said. "But, Greeny, you wouldn't make a man do a thing like this for nothing?"

"I'll show you."

PROMPTLY at 2 a. m. two dark figures stole down a dark pair of back stairs and out into the cool of the morning. A raw smelling wind was blowing in from the water front; a thin, ghostly mist hung over the sleeping town. After dodging in and out of alleys and back streets the two figures reached Woodham avenue without meeting a single soul. They paused before a big bulky house as silent as the desert hills.

"Here it is. Come on," whispered the tall one taking the short one by the arm.

The short one jerked away. "You fool," he shot back. "What you going in the front way for?"

"It's the safest way, I'll tell you. I know, Greeny."

"You know how to get our heads blowed off." The small man stepped up close and peered into the face of his companion. "Dreamy, if I didn't have so much on you, I'd swear you were after getting me dumped. You been acting queer all night. Try to spill something and see who gets the steel."

"You know you got me, Greeny. What's the matter?"

"All right. Come on round the back way. We'll crawl in thru the cellar."

Once inside the house Farrell went directly to the little home safe jammed between the bookcase and the radiator. He dropped quickly to his knees and began to work at the thick door.

"We're in luck, Greeny," he whispered. "She's open."

"You got the cash?" inquired the other.

(Continued on Page 17.)

The Beggar's Coin

by Mona Cangi

CHAPTER I.

SECRETS AND MYSTERY.

"PLEASE take me for a walk in the woods, Donald," begged Harriet Cramer, taking hold of her fiance's hands and trying to pull him out of a comfortable wicker rocker.

Donald Cranwell loved to tease; he relaxed to make his body as heavy as possible, then smiled in amusement at Harriet's unsuccessful attempt to drag him to his feet. She did manage to pull him forward and then, without warning, she let go. Donald crashed against the back of the rocker making the wicker creak loudly.

"You're moody, Donald," accused the girl, "and I don't like it."

"No," answered Donald, settling into a comfortable position again, "I'm not exactly moody. I'm a bit worried, Harriet."

Harriet's light brown eyebrows took on a more decided arch and her hazel eyes looked puzzled. She perched herself on the arm of the rocker like a dainty canary and scrutinized Donald's face.

"Worried?" she asked at last. "Over whom or what?"

Donald turned sideways, crossed his legs scissor-like and taking Harriet's soft hand in his own, he said, "Mother."

"But, Donald, I don't understand. What is the matter?"

"Oh, I wish I knew!" replied Donald miserably. "Harriet, dear, you have made mother your confidant. Has it, by chance, been reciprocal?"

"You mean, has your mother confided anything unusual in me?"

Donald nodded.

"No," continued Harriet. "She never told me anything that she would not tell to some one else. Why should she? There's your father."

Donald shrugged his shoulders. "Dad's been silent, too, of late as tho he were forever propounding some big question. I can't tell whether it's because he knows or because he doesn't know."

"Well," sighed Harriet, "I'm still very much in the dark. What makes you think there is something wrong?"

"In the first place, I don't see why mother decided to come to Avondale this summer. She fully intended to sell this property. It was on the market for quite a while and at last she had an actual buyer. Then she suddenly changed her mind, refused to sell, and dragged us down here for the summer."

"What is so strange about that? If I remember rightly, you said the other day, that you thought women were like chameleons. They were forever changing."

Donald smiled. "I recollect having said that and I still stick to the assertion. However, I feel that mother had some reason for doing as she did. When I asked her why she wanted to come here she told me it was just a notion. She wanted to visit the old home of her parents once more."

"Her parents must have been wonderful people, Donald. Spanish folks are always so interesting."

"Yes, and emotional to the extreme."

Rippling laughter floated from Harriet's lips. Her arm stole about her fiance's neck and she stroked his black, glistening hair.

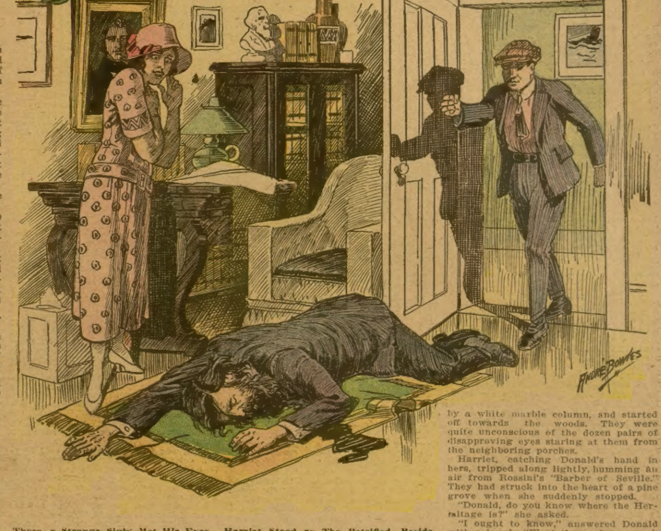
"You do detest emotionalism, Donald, don't you?" the girl asked sweetly.

Donald looked up gravely, while adoration shone in his dark eyes. "There are beautiful emotions that the world cannot do without, dear. You and I know that. But no one must allow emotions to rule him. Mother believes that, too. She and dad have lived a happy life together; they are so devoted to each other."

The young man was silent a moment and then he continued: "I'm going to tell you something that I've never told to any one before. As my fiancee, it is your right to know. Something happened in the family fifteen years ago when I was but a lad of 10. It still lingers in my memory, altho mother thinks I have forgotten. Mother had a brother who was of the uncontrolled emotional type. He fell madly in love with an actress and thru her, he became involved in a crime. He was tried for murder but was later acquitted. He then went away and mother never saw or heard from him again. The disgrace of it all so preyed upon the minds and health of my grandparents that they both died within a year after. This was their home and it brings back memories that one would rather forget. Why, then, should mother want to come here now? The house has been closed for years."

Harriet's brows puckered in perplexity. "It does seem strange in the light of those facts. Did that trouble occur here, Donald?"

"No, in New York. We were then living in West Seventieth street. This was no place for my grandparents to stay during the winter, so mother insisted that they come down to New York and live with us. We had such good times together until my uncle had to lose his head and put us all in misery."



There, a Strange Sight Met His Eyes. Harriet Stood as Tho Petrified, Beside the Body of a Long-haired, Bearded Man, Dressed in Ragged Clothes.

The girl noticed the irony in Donald's voice and drew a little closer to him. "Don't feel so bitter toward your uncle, Donald. If he is still living, he may be suffering more than you know."

"Serves him right," snapped Donald. "I was only a youngster when it happened, but I remember as tho it were only yesterday, how angry I felt because my Uncle Carlos made such a fool of himself."

Harriet started violently. Donald looked up hastily at her face that had turned pale, then jumped to his feet.

"Harriet, dear," he said anxiously, "what's the matter?"

"Oh—nothing," murmured the girl, struggling to gain her composure. She laid her head on Donald's shoulder and closed her eyes for a time. Then: "Donald!"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm going to tell you something."

"All right, I'm listening."

Harriet raised her head. "I was terribly restless Tuesday night, Donald. I dreamed the wildest kind of things until finally I woke up. I lay awake, gazing into the darkness for quite a while when I thought I heard a—a sound in the garden. I got up and looked out of the window, the one that faces the southern foot-path. I saw your mother step from the rose arbor and walk along the path. She looked as tho she were crying."

"Was she alone?"

Harriet hesitated and looked embarrassed. "No, there was a—a man with her."

"Did you know him? What did he look like?" demanded Donald in one breath.

"Why—he looked like a vagrant. His hair reached his shoulders, he had a dark beard, and his clothes were ragged. The moon was bright and I could see him quite plainly."

Donald's lips parted in a smile, showing his incredulity.

"You were having wild dreams, dear, to——"

"It wasn't a dream, Donald. I was wide awake."

"But, why——?"

"Don't ask me why they were there, Donald, because I don't know. I saw them walk to the front of the house and in a few moments your mother came in and went right to her room."

Donald sighed, then burst out: "By Heavens, I think this place is haunted or something. I feel that some sort of disaster is coming and I can't shake the feeling off. Harriet, I wish now that you had gone with your parents to South America."

Harriet tried to draw on her reserve stock of cheerfulness. "I don't," she said lightly. "I'd rather be with you, and your mother is a delightful chaperon. Besides, if there is any mystery developing, I want to pry to the very heart of it."

Donald laughed and, taking the girl into his arms, he kissed her. "You're mystery enough for me, dear," he said, looking at her tenderly.

Harriet pinched his cheek. "Are we going for a walk now?"

"Might as well. We have nothing else to do until dinner time."

CHAPTER II.

AT THE HERMITAGE.

AVONDALE-ON-THE-HUDSON had grown steadily. It boasted quite a lively business section and its summer colony was increasing. But the Cranwells had not been to Avondale in so many years that they knew none of the people who now occupied summer homes there. Once, Harriet and Donald had gone over to the golf club, but the members remained haughtily aloof. Harriet declared they could not have acted any stiffer if they had been encased in wooden splints. She would not go there again, and Donald had no desire to go, either.

To the colony, the Cranwell home had been a phantom house for many years and they seemed to resent the intrusion of living beings there. The red sandstone dwelling, with its Spanish air, stood proudly apart, in the center of its peerless garden. All of the latticed windows opened down the center and were grated half way, the grating in each instance forming a little balcony.

To enter the house by way of the massive oaken front door, one would first have to pass thru a marble-floored patio. Here, blooming in all their splendor, were rare flowers and gorgeous palms recently shipped from southern climes. When the sun shone upon the stained-glass dome, prismatic colors played upon the floor. It was in this cool nook that the previous conversation between Harriet and Donald had taken place.

The Spanish domicile, with its extensive grounds, seemed to be surrounded by an intangible something, somewhat like an ethereal wall. Perhaps that was why, in sensing this, the colony folks wished its occupants also to remain apart from them.

Harriet and Donald emerged from the horseshoe-like arched entrance of the patio which was flanked on either side by a white marble column, and started off towards the woods. They were quite unconscious of the dozen pairs of disapproving eyes staring at them from the neighboring porches.

Harriet, catching Donald's hand in hers, tripped along lightly, humming an air from Rossini's "Barber of Seville." They had struck into the heart of a pine grove when she suddenly stopped.

"Donald, do you know where the Hermitage is?" she asked.

"I ought to know," answered Donald with a laugh. "Went there often enough when I was a kid to see the queer jigger who lived alone in that old house. But I always kept my distance. If I thought the old boy was coming too close to me, I'd kick up my heels and make the dust fly."

Harriet almost doubled up with laughter. "Oh, how I'd like to have seen you," she gurgled at last. "Well, come on. I want to see that place now."

But Donald objected. "Let's keep on this path," he parried. "The Hermitage is nothing but an ancient stone house, anyway, and the old hermit died long ago."

"Oh, do show me where it is," pouted Harriet. "I love to look at old ruins."

"Who told you about the place, anyway?" demanded Donald.

"Your mother started to tell me of the Hermitage and then, for some reason unknown to me, she stopped. But I wheedled the rest of the story out of her and then what do you think she said? If she were me she wouldn't go near the place! Now I want to see it more than ever. Please come, Donald. If you don't I'll find it all by myself."

Donald knew that once Harriet had made up her mind to a thing nothing could change it.

"Well, all right," he replied grudgingly. "But I want you to stay right here by my side. No telling what other old fool is taking up his abode there."

Harriet laughed merrily. "Was the hermit ugly?" she asked mischievously.

"No, he wasn't ugly. He was just an eccentric old fossil who disliked his own family and wouldn't live with them. He wanted to be let alone."

As they rounded a curve in the main road Harriet spied an old-fashioned, one story and attic house which was set back from the road a bit and was partly concealed by the giant pines.

"Is that the Hermitage?" she asked eagerly, with a thrill of adventure.

"Yes, that's it. They say——"

But before Donald could finish the sentence, Harriet bounded off toward the house with a squeal of delight.

"Harriet!" called Donald, sharply.

The girl's supple muscles flexed with the skill of an athlete and carried her faster. As she darted thru a rift of sun coming thru the trees, her light brown hair gleamed like gold. Donald smiled as he thought how impatient she would be waiting outside the house for him. He would punish her for running away; he purposely slackened his pace. But the next moment his eyes opened with astonishment. Harriet had reached the Hermitage, and instead of waiting for him, as he thought she would, she deliberately opened the door and went in.

Donald took to his heels and ran as he never ran before. Just as he was nearing the house he heard a scream that sickened him and made his hair bristle skyward. Rushing madly on, he failed to see that the front door was swinging shut until his head collided with it. Stunned for a moment, he staggered back, then once more sprang at the door with the intention of breaking it down or rushing his antagonist. But there was no need for so great an expenditure of strength. The door gave way at once and Donald's own force almost threw him to the floor.

He looked about the room. There was no one there. He wanted to laugh as he thought of himself fighting an unseen draught that had blown the door to. Then he remembered the scream and dashed into the room beyond. There, a strange sight met his eyes. Harriet stood, as tho petrified, beside the body of a long-haired, bearded man, dressed in ragged clothes. Her eyes were wild with terror, her lips slightly parted.

Donald laid his hands on her shoulders and shook her gently. "Harriet," he called softly.

The girl roused herself and pointing at a dark stain that began on the man's torn shirt and terminated on the broad-boarded floor, she gasped, "Donald, look! He's been murdered! It's—it's the vagrant—I saw with your mother—two nights ago."

Donald drew the trembling girl into his arms. "Good God!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure, Harriet?"

"Just as sure as I am that we are standing here."

Placing his hand under Harriet's chin, Donald gazed into her eyes. "Then you must not tell any one." It was partly command, partly entreaty.

"Not any one," echoed Harriet. With a sob she dropped her head to his shoulder. She felt his arms tighten about her and when, after a few moments, she looked up at him, his face was gray and rigid.

Harriet clutched at the lapels of his coat. "Donald—you don't think your mother had anything to do with this!"

Donald's voice came in a hoarse whisper: "I don't know what to think, dear. Who can this outcast be? What was he to my mother? Why was she with him?"

Harriet looked puzzled, then, as tho a sudden thought of illumination had leaped into her mind, her eyes opened wide with wonderment. But the next moment, the pain that she saw in Donald's face was reflected in her own.

"Donald, I'm going to dig up the truth," she said simply. "Hadn't we better go now? We'll have to notify the local police."

"Yes, of course. And I suppose we're in for a grilling, too."

They set off at a brisk pace, taking to the main pathway. As they passed a narrow by-path, a woman, hidden behind a clump of bushes, peered out at them. She waited until they were lost from view in the pine grove, then she went on her way toward the Hermitage.

A REASON WITHHELD.

ON REACHING home, Donald called police headquarters immediately, while Harriet went upstairs hunting for his mother. The telephone was one of the new innovations that Mr. Cranwell had insisted be installed in the old house and the necessary connections had been completed only a few days before.

Just as Donald hung up the receiver, Harriet hurried into the library followed by Ann Lampey, a maid, whose eyes were red and swollen from weeping.

"Donald," said Harriet excitedly, "Ann says she has been hunting all over the house and garden for your mother the last half hour past and can't find her."

"Can't find her? Are you sure she didn't go downtown shopping, Ann?"

"I'm sure she didn't," sobbed Ann, "because she left her handbag on the dresser. Miss Harriet looked in it and we——"

The maid could not go on. She dropped limply into a chair and began to moan.

Harriet took up the explanation. "I looked into your mother's bag to see whether she had transferred her money to some other bag, but I don't think she did. There is quite a sum of money in the purse. Your mother hasn't opened an account with any of the stores, so it doesn't seem likely that she would go downtown empty handed."

"Hardly," replied Donald. "You have looked in every room, Ann?"

"I've looked in every room and corner from the cellar to that haunted attic. If I thought she could get into a rathole I'd look there, too. This place is hoodooed. What's that old beggar prowlin' around here at nights for? Why don't he go next door?"

Donald and Harriet looked at each other questioningly. Each was wondering how much this girl saw or knew.

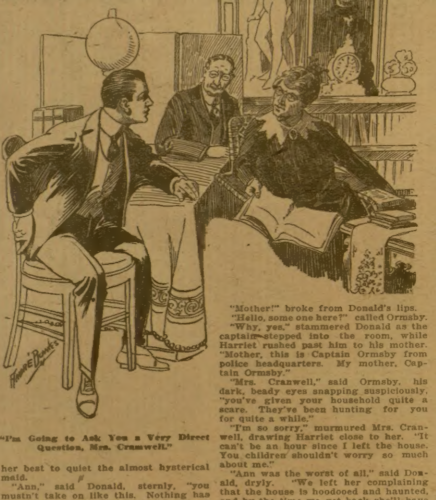
"What beggar do you mean, Ann?" asked Donald kindly.

"There's only one beggar around here," answered Ann between sobs. "He's all the time pesterin' people downtown. Wish he'd stay there. What business has he got stalkin' around here like a ghost at night. I've watched him. He comes out of the woods and goes back into the woods."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Captain Dave Ormsby of the local police department. For all his rotundity of two hundred pounds, he made the distance thru the patio quickly.

"I'm Captain Ormsby," he said succinctly as Donald opened the door. "Where's the murder?"

A scream from the library. "Murder!" cried Ann. "Was Mrs. Cranwell murdered?"


"I'm Going to Ask You a Very Direct Question, Mrs. Cranwell."

Donald and Captain Ormsby reached the library while Harriet was trying her best to quiet the almost hysterical maid.

"Ann," said Donald, sternly, "you mustn't take on like this. Nothing has happened to Mrs. Cranwell." He turned apologetically to Ormsby. "The maid is upset because she has been hunting for my mother and can't find her on the premises. But I'm sure we'll find her somewhere about here. Now about the murder, or perhaps it was suicide. Oh, pardon me! I forgot to introduce my fiancee. Captain Ormsby, Miss Cramer; Harriet, Captain Ormsby."

Captain Ormsby acknowledged the introduction gallantly, then turned to Donald. "You say you don't know whether it is murder or suicide?"

"No, I don't know," responded Donald. "Miss Cramer and I were taking a walk thru the woods. My fiancee has a peculiar fancy for old houses and asked me to take her to the Hermitage. When we got there we found a man, a vagrant, lying on the floor of what seemed to be a sitting-room."

"The beggar!" exclaimed Ormsby. "I'll go to the Hermitage right now. Do you mind coming, too, Cranwell?"

Before Donald could answer, Harriet put in, "Me, too!"

Donald was about to object when the captain laughed merrily. "The young lady doesn't seem to be one of the fainty kind. She may come if she wants to. Patrolman Harloff's driving my roadster, but we can manage to get on it even if we can't all get in it. Oh, by the way, may I use your phone?"

"Help yourself, Captain," answered Donald.

Captain Ormsby called a physician and the coroner, then made for the door. "Let's go," he said shortly.

Ann let out a wail. "Do I have to stay here alone? And Mr. Donald, your mother's gone——"

"You said mother isn't on the premises, Ann," replied Donald impatiently. "Then she must be somewhere outside of the grounds. We're going to find her. And if you'll go into the kitchen by the cook, you won't be alone."

"Oh, I'm so confused," whined Ann. "I forgot we had a cook." Then she rushed pell-mell to the kitchen.

At the Hermitage a woman seemed to be keeping vigil over the silent form of the beggar. Altho she was of middle age, she still retained the loveliness of her youth. Her olive skin was fresh and smooth and not a single gray strand marred the beauty of her black, glistening hair. A pained expression came into her face as she knelt, resting on her heels, beside the body, one lifeless hand held between her own. Dry sobs racked her body, while her gaze never wandered from the rigid features of the [illegible]

She had remained in this position ever since she reached the Hermitage, just after evading Harriet and Donald. But now she became aware of an approaching motor car. Laying the beggar's hand gently at his side, she rose to her feet and began brushing the dust from her walking skirt. As she made for the outer door she came face to face with Donald.

"Mother!" broke from Donald's lips.

"Hello, some one here?" called Ormsby.

"Why, yes," stammered Donald as the captain stepped into the room, while Harriet rushed past him to his mother. "Mother, this is Captain Ormsby from police headquarters. My mother, Captain Ormsby."

"Mrs. Cranwell," said Ormsby, his dark, beady eyes snapping suspiciously, "you've given your household quite a scare. They've been hunting for you for quite a while."

"I'm so sorry," murmured Mrs. Cranwell, drawing Harriet close to her. "It can't be an hour since I left the house. You children shouldn't worry so much about me."

"Ann was the worst of all," said Donald, dryly. "We left her complaining that the house is hoodooed and haunted, and by the time we get back she'll have found a few more descriptive words which she deems suitable."

Mrs. Cranwell smiled. "Ann always is easily upset, Donald." Then to the captain: "I was walking thru the woods when I got a notion I'd like to go thru the old Hermitage. I knew it had been vacant for years——"

"Wonder how many more of you folks got notions and fancies for going thru old houses," snapped Ormsby meaningly.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Mrs. Cranwell quietly. "What I do know is that the body of a man, apparently murdered, lies here on the floor."

Ormsby flushed uncomfortably and began examining the body.

"Huh!" he grunted. 'Stabed with a round, sharp instrument of some kind. Get busy, Harloff. See if you can find a stiletto-like weapon around here anywhere."

Lew Harloff made a diligent search, but could find no weapon. He had just given up the quest when the physician and coroner arrived.

Donald saw that his mother's nerves were badly upset and he turned rather angrily upon the captain. "I'm taking my mother and Miss Cramer home," he announced shortly. "You'll know where to find us, Captain Ormsby."

As the three retraced their steps thru the woods, Donald asked: "Mother, why did you go to the Hermitage?"

The haunting look in his mother's eyes caused Donald to regret having asked the question. "Of course, you needn't [illegible] us," he said hastily. "But the situation is a bit awkward. Harriet and I went there for no other reason than curiosity. I haven't been able to figure out why you went there, mother, after advising Harriet not to."

"I had a reason for going, Donald," Mrs. Cranwell answered at last, "but I'd rather not speak of it now."

Donald smiled and squeezed his mother's hand. "Just as you say, mother. But Harriet——"

Donald bit his lip and lapsed into silence. He had been on the verge of telling his mother that Harriet had seen her with the beggar.

CHAPTER IV.

GABRIEL FLAME.

THAT evening, as Donald came down to the library for the evening paper, he heard his father speaking over the phone with the chief of the Grant Detective Agency of New York City. His mother was standing at a window looking into the garden.

As Mr. Cranwell hung up the receiver Mrs. Cranwell turned to her husband anxiously.

"The chief said he would send his best man, Gabriel Flame. He'll be here some time in the morning."

"Thank goodness," sighed Mrs. Cranwell, trying to smile at her husband. "I feel relieved now."

Mr. Cranwell fondly placed his arm about his wife's shoulders. "Let me take you to your room, Rita," he urged. "Your nerves are crying out for rest."

And then they saw Donald standing in the doorway, wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

Mr. Cranwell smiled. "What's the matter, Donald? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"What does it mean, Dad?"

"What does what mean?"

"The detective—why is he coming here?"

"There are three people, Donald, who the police know were at the Hermitage before they were notified of the murder. Two of those people are of my family and the other going to be. It is my duty to protect them."

"You mean they suspect us?"

"They will suspect any one whom they think connected with the case."

"But we have no connection with——" Donald flushed slightly and looked at his mother in an embarrassed manner.

Mrs. Cranwell put her arms about her son and kissed him. "There, dear," she said in a full, rich voice, "I know you are puzzled. Your father simply thought it best that we have some one working on our side and then—I want to know who killed—him."

Donald sighed. "I certainly don't understand your concern over a worthless beggar that——"

"Donald!" It was an agonized cry that escaped his mother's lips.

The next moment Donald crushed his mother to him. "Forgive me if I have hurt you, mother. I didn't mean to. But, if I'm kept in ignorance, you can't blame me for the unconscious blunders that I make."

"Come, up to bed with you, Rita," said Mr. Cranwell cheerfully.

"Going to read, Donald?"

"Yes, I think I'll glance thru the evening paper."

"Don't sit up late, dear," begged his mother, raising her face for a kiss.

"Just a little while," promised Donald. "Good night."

Stretching himself in an easy chair, Donald took up the paper, but he was too restless to read. Closing his eyes he gave himself up to fantasy. It seemed as if his grandparents were there, going about the house—their house—as they did when alive. He was relieving the happy days with them, when, in the midst of all, a face was interposed—the face of the beggar.

Donald rose and snorted with disgust. Then, putting out the old alabaster oil lamp, he went upstairs. As he passed his father's room he noticed a streak of light underneath the door.

"They all seem to prefer themselves as company tonight," he told himself. With a shrug of his shoulders he passed on to his own room.

The grinding wheels of the morning 9:45 train came to a standstill and a hoarse voice yelled, "Avondale!" From the steps of one of the rear passenger trains a man swung to the ground. For a moment he seemed to stretch himself to his full height of five feet ten inches; then he moved toward a bus with an easy grace that reminded one of the gentle, swaying gait of an elephant. He carried his straw hat under his arm, revealing a thick mass of very dark auburn hair, but when the sun played upon it, it seemed to burst into flame. The firm, set features manifested a certain softness that suggested a compassionate soul and nothing seemed to escape the clear, blue eyes. His hands and face were tanned from the elements, for Gabriel Flame was a keen sportsman.

Settling himself within the bus, the most competent detective of the Grant Agency was driven swiftly uptown. Alighting in front of the Cranwell home, he paid the driver, then started toward the house, his eyes darting here and there in the process of observation.

In response to his loud rap with the old-fashioned knocker, Ann Lampey opened the door.

"Oh, are you the detective from New York?" asked the maid enthusiastically, making one of her awkward curtesies. "Come right this way. I'm so glad you're here. It makes one more man in this infernal house. I'll go tell Mr. Donald you're here."

Ann whisked away and in a few moments Donald appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Flame," he said cordially, extending his hand. "I'm Donald Cranwell. Father went downtown for some reason which he didn't state, and he asked me to give you full particulars. Since I'm mixed up in this thing it is just as well that I do."

Gabried Flame smiled. "First, I'll show you my credentials to prove that I'm not an imposter."

Donald looked over the credentials, then launched into his story. He had just finished when Mrs. Cranwell and Harriet entered the library. Donald presented them and then added: "Perhaps mother will tell you why she wishes you to work on the case."

"There are two reasons," replied Mrs. Cranwell. "Donald has told you that we three were with the body before the police were notified. Well, then, I suppose it is natural for them to suspect us?"

"They will be suspicious of everybody," and Gabried Flame grinned good-humoredly.

"That is one reason why I wish you to work on the case for us. The other is, I want to know who killed the man."

"Your first reason is a natural one, Mrs. Cranwell," said Flame, "but the second one needs explanation. Did you know the man?"

Mrs. Cranwell toyed with the blue cut beads that hung from her neck. After a time she answered: "Yes—I knew him."

"Your son told me he was a long-haired, bewhiskered beggar."

"He was known as such," assented Mrs. Cranwell.

Gabriel Flame caught the depressed intonation of her voice and studied her keenly. After a time he reached a decision.

"I won't trouble you with any more questions at the present, Mrs. Cranwell." Turning to Donald: "Would you mind taking me to the Hermitage."

"Not at all," answered Donald readily, glad of the chance to get out of doors.

Harriet watched them walk briskly toward the woods. She longed to go with them, but she felt it her duty to remain with Donald's mother.

"You are restless, dear," said Mrs. Cranwell. "Shall we amuse ourselves with a game of croquet?"

Harriet eagerly consented. She was the type of girl who could not long endure the suspense of doing nothing, and any sort of diversion was welcome.

They had finished one game and were about to start another when Captain Ormsby approached them.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, suavely. "I see you have a private detective puttering about the Hermitage."

Mrs. Cranwell felt a keen desire to wield her mallet on the captain's head. "I think you will at least be fair enough to admit that Gabriel Flame is no putterer," she answered icily.

Ormsby flushed angrily. "Why did you or your husband engage him?" he snapped.

"To find the murderer of the unfortunate man," replied Mrs. Cranwell calmly.

"Er—anything you say will be used against you. Did you know the beggar personally?"

"Yes—I did."

"Who was he?"

"I'm not ready to tell you that."

"Well, you may be sure we'll find out," sneered Ormsby.

"May I ask, Captain Ormsby, whether you are connecting us with the crime?"

"Yes and no. The examining physician states that the man, when found, was dead at least sixteen hours. That would fix the time of the murder somewhere near midnight of the previous evening."

"I'm glad you know that," said Mrs. Cranwell. "It will save you the error of working from the wrong end."

Ormsby eyed the two women sharply. "Sixteen hours is loads of time in which a murderer or murderess can revisit the scene of the crime."

Harriet and Mrs. Cranwell laughed outright.

"What a ludicrous idea!" exclaimed Harriet, controlling her mirth. "From that statement, Captain Ormsby, I infer that you think we killed the man on Wednesday evening and then revisited the place yesterday afternoon. I didn't know the man, neither did my fiance. And it doesn't follow that Mrs. Cranwell made away with him just because she knew him."

The captain looked uncomfortable. "I'll admit that we can't find anything definite to work on. But your reticence in divulging the man's identity, Mrs. Cranwell, strikes me as strange behavior."

"I'm sorry," answered Mrs. Cranwell, then centered her attention upon her croquet ball.

Captain Ormsby saw that he had learned about as much from the women as he was going to learn at the present. Bidding them "good morning," he turned on his heel and walked off.

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER.

GABRIEL FLAME was a brilliant conversationalist and all during luncheon he kept up a lively talk, amusing Harriet and the Cranwells with his delightful witticisms.

After they had finished Mr. Cranwell thanked him for his welcome entertainment.

Flame's face broke into a sunny smile. "Long ago, Mr. Cranwell, I realized that strenuous concentration or brooding do not mix well with a successful meal. By a 'successful meal' I mean one that isn't followed by indigestion. That is why I always turn my mind into lighter avenues when indulging the inner man."

"That is a mighty fine habit," responded Mr. Cranwell, "and a good one for all humanity to cultivate."

"I'll be ready for business again in about an hour. May I then have a private talk with you and Mrs. Cranwell?"

"Surely, Mr. Flame. When you are ready, go to the library and if we are not there tell one of the servants to call us."

"Thank you. Now I'll disappear into my room for a while."

On reaching the room assigned him, Flame locked the door, sat down at a small desk near the window and drew out three sheets of note paper from his coat pocket. Unfolding and spreading them out on the desk, he began to study what was written on them.

For the space of one hour he re-read and meditated on the contents of the letter. Then he went down to the library to find that Mr. and Mrs. Cranwell had anticipated him.

Mr. Cranwell closed the doors, and, taking a seat near his wife, he smillingly remarked: "I guess we are ready, Mr. Flame."

"I am going to ask you a very direct question, Mrs. Cranwell," began Flame.

Mrs. Cranwell nodded.

"Just why are you hesitating to identify your brother?"

Mrs. Cranwell caught her breath and looked up sharply. "You know——"

"Yes, I know that the beggar is your brother."

"Oh, the disgrace of it!" cried Mrs. Cranwell. "I can't have the press getting hold of the story and flaunting it before the public. My son and his fiancee must be spared that embarrassment."

Mr. Cranwell rose, went to his wife's side and patted her hand consolingly. "We will find a way, dear," he said tenderly. Then to Flame: "I've been trying to think of a way to claim the body of my wife's brother without the whole neighborhood knowing it. We certainly want him to be buried decently—not in the Potter's Field."

"I see," said Flame. "To the public you want him to remain an unknown beggar for the sake of your son and his fiancee. Well, I agree with you. It can't do outsiders any good to know who he was and it will save you all a lot of unpleasantness."

"I went down to the undertaker's establishment this morning," explained Mr. Cranwell, "and, under a pretext, got permission to view the body. He looked more like the Carlos we knew. They had cut his hair and shaved his face. The director of the establishment told me that the body would remain there for at least three more days."

"That's good," answered Flame. "It will give me two days in which to work before we do anything about claiming the body and, in that matter, I pledge you my support."

Mrs. Cranwell held out her hand to the detective. "That is so good of you," she said gratefully.

Flame took her hand and smiled. "You see, it would have been better for you had you taken me into your confidence right away. But then, probably I wouldn't have found this. It was under the old clock on the mantle-piece in the Hermitage."

The detective handed Mrs. Cranwell the letter he had been reading in his room, then added: "I want to apologize for having pryed into its contents, Mrs. Cranwell."

"You are forgiven, Mr. Flame," answered Mrs. Cranwell lightly. "Your profession justifies your prying nature."

Flame bowed and walked over to a window, while Mr. Cranwell, seated on the arm of his wife's chair, read the letter with her. It began:

> Dear Margarita:
>
> Since our talk last night, I've decided to go away. My wanderings brought me back to the place of my childhood but if I had known you were coming here, too, you would never have seen me. I know there's an ache in your heart, dear sister. I want you to forget me—a wretched fool! God knows I've tried to fight this damning curse—the thing that made me lose my manhood. If only she had remained true to me all would have been different.
>
> I know you and Arthur are willing to help me but it's too late. No one can save me but she. I often think I hate her but all the time I know I love her. Oh, with all my degredation, there is still one divine emotion left—I love! It is only when bitterness almost tears out my heart that I want to molest others that are happy. A beggar! How, in my youth, I held him and his clan in contempt! After my faith in mankind was killed, the thing that was most despicable to me was the thing I wanted to be.
>
> I thought I was getting even with the world but I've been the loser. Even self-respect is gone. Of course! How could I respect a character I've always hated? Yet I can't seem to drag myself back. So I'm going to travel on. You must not see me again. If you think of me at all, think of me as dead. I have plenty of money downstairs that I've hoarded all these years. I'll try, for your sake, Margarita, to climb back to decency. But if I don't succeed, you'll never see me again. I hope Donald finds the happiness I lost. Ask him to think kindly of me. Good-by, sister dear.
>
> Your worthless brother,
>
> CARLOS LAPEZ.

Mrs. Cranwell passed her hand over her forehead and uttered a low moan. "Only the wall of a broken man," she said softly. "He might have conquered but his destiny decreed otherwise. Now he is gone!"

Mr. Cranwell rose. "What do you think of that letter, Mr. Flame?" he asked.

"Carlos Lapez lost in the game of life thru a weakness that became chronic," answered the detective. "It is, perhaps, just as well that he has been removed from conditions he hadn't the courage to fight. However that may be, the letter throws light on two facts. He had no intention of committing suicide as the last paragraph in the letter proves.

(Continued on Page 15.)

can have a Clear Skin!

WHY worry and fret—wish and hope? Why be jealous of those with clear, soft skin? It is within the reach of all.

A rich, ruddy, wholesome complexion is possible. It is not something that is just beyond our reach. Neither is it something that requires years and years of toil to acquire. That clear, soft skin is within the reach of each and every one of us. Not like precious stones available to but a chosen few—clear, soft skin—rich and pure—the sparkle and brightness of youth—is available to each and every one—rich and poor—young and old.

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When the skin is hard and drawn—the cheeks sallow and withered—the figure listless and lifeless—the system is not on edge. Something is wrong. Right that wrong. Possess that clear, soft skin—bring the youthful glow back into the cheeks. S. S. S. will do it.

Miss Ethel Rose, 422 E. Water St., Painted Post, N. Y., writes:

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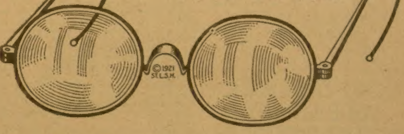

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Love Finds Its Own in the Concluding Installment of

"And the Blind Saw"

By Adelaide Heuser

PART II.

"WHERE—am—I?" came in feeble tones from the bed. Alone with him, the girl grew calm.

"You're in a rooming house on the east side," and she let her hand rest for a moment on his fevered brow. Drawing it away, she pressed it to her heart, breathing a sigh.

"Do that again—won't you?" Marjorie drew her hand back and forth across his forehead.

"Oh, that feels so good; it's been so long since any one has been so kind to me. You're awfully good," he said, tears rolling from the sightless eyes onto the pillow. With her handkerchief she wiped his eyes.

"I was thinking—of a little girl; a little girl with auburn hair, and blue eyes. You remind me of her—your voice, the softness of your hand. When you spoke tonight I thought surely it was Marjorie. Marjorie, that's her name. She was my wife." His voice dropped. "I loved her—but I sent her away. I wonder where she is." Pathos in his tone.

"Aren't you—hungry," she added, afraid to let him continue. "Let me fix you some milk toast, you'll enjoy it." If she could only tell him—but she couldn't. It wouldn't do, under the conditions. Later. She must wait, tho she was longing to have him take her in his arms and tell her, that he loved her.

"I—could eat something, I believe."

The milk toast prepared, the girl propped him up in the bed and began to feed him.

"I can feed myself," he said, appearing a bit sensitive of his affliction.

"Yes, but I want to save your strength; of course, I know you can feed yourself."

"It's kind of you." He was the same 'old Dick,' she thought, appreciative of every little favor.

When he had finished Marjorie rearranged his pillows, then gently laid him back. A lump arose in her throat as she noticed that the gray hairs had become more numerous, and that his once handsome face was thin and drawn. Yet, his features were the same, and to her he was the "same old Dick." "The past months haven't been so kind to him," she thought.

Pretty soon Waring returned, his arms filled with good things to eat.

"How do you feel now, old man," he said, taking Courtenay's hand.

"Much better—thank you."

"Good!" Waring shouted.

"Miss Laine has been most kind to me."

"She's a great girl, I'll tell you," Waring said, joyfully.

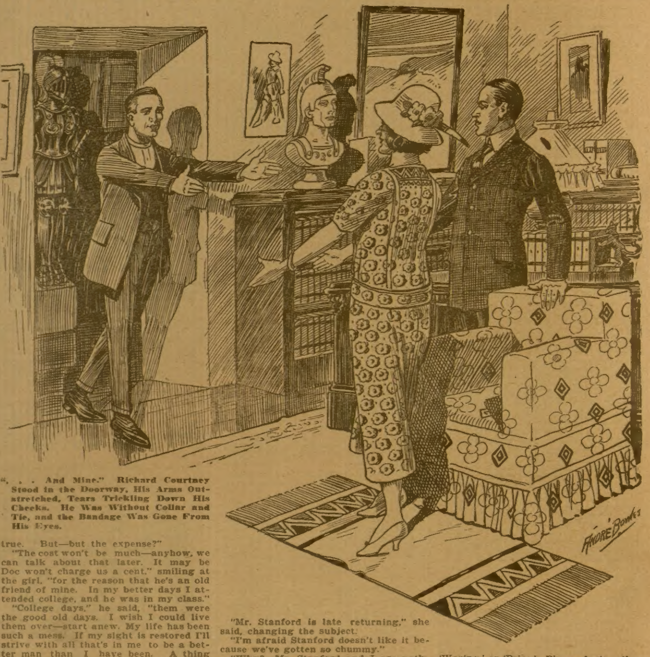
Marjorie only smiled, and Price Waring wondered at the strange, far-away look in her eyes. And when he touched her hand she drew it away. He wondered at this.

"Now pard—Jim, Jack, Bill, or whatever your name happens to be—you haven't yet told me—when you are stronger I'm going to take you to a surgeon, whom I am quite sure can restore your sight."

"You mean," and Courtenay threw back the covering, and sat straight up; "you mean, I'll see again?"

"Yes. I am confident this doctor can operate successfully—that he can restore your sight."

"Oh, God, it sounds too good to be true. But—but the expense?"



". . . And Mine." Richard Courtney Stood in the Doorway, His Arms Outstretched, Tears Trickling Down His Cheeks. He Was Without Collar and Tie, and the Bandage Was Gone From His Eyes.

"The cost won't be much—anyhow, we can talk about that later. It may be Doc won't charge us a cent," smiling at the girl, "for the reason that he's an old friend of mine. In my better days I attended college, and he was in my class."

"College days," he said, "them were the good old days. I wish I could live them over—start anew. My life has been such a mess. If my sight is restored I'll strive with all that's in me to be a better man than I have been. A thing like this always makes a fellow look back and regret. Too bad we have to suffer so much before we learn."

"Lie down, won't you, please," the girl asked, kindly; and she helped him back.

"It's awful to be so helpless. And to think that I was once an active, able-bodied man. Look at me now! No money—nothing. No friends, but you two. Once I had a lot of friends. Position—everything; and I was happy. Now—I'm a mere nobody drifting, yes, drifting about, day after day, night after night—alone, always alone."

Tears trickled down Marjorie's face, and her heart ached, as it had never ached before. In these moments she forgave Dick all. She forgot everything; remembering only the wonderfully happy months following their marriage. Would those days come again? Had Dick forgiven her? Did he still love her? Oh, how she longed to put her arms about his neck, and to press his lips to hers: Soon he'd be removed to a hospital; there'd be no need of her, then.

"My dear fellow," said Waring, "misfortune comes to all of us, sooner or later. You're having your troubles today, mine may come tomorrow. Who knows. We can only buck up, and fight. Life must be lived."

THE days passed all too hurriedly for Marjorie. Soon Dick would be taken from her. She had been with him in the mornings before going down to her office; at noon, and in the evnings. Waring often left her alone with Dick, and she would read to him for hours. She prepared dainty foods for him, and he would thank her over and over.

"You shouldn't spend your money on me, dear girl," he'd say. "I'm not worth it."

"Don't say that——"

"Dick," he said, "call me 'Dick,' won't you?"

"All right, D—Dick, I shall hereafter."

"Fine—and I will call you 'Marjorie'—may I?"

"No, no, please, I'd rather you called me 'Cecile.'"

"Of course. You must think me a sentimental old fool, but you remind me so of 'my little Marjorie,' that I want to know you by that name."

"Mr. Stanford is late returning," she said, changing the subject.

"I'm afraid Stanford doesn't like it because we've gotten so chummy."

"Why? Mr. Stanford and I are nothing more than good friends."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. What makes you ask? And why do you think he resents our being friends? Has he said anything?"

"Perhaps I had better go no further."

"Tell me," Marjorie coaxed.

"Well, tonight I asked him if he must go out, and he said 'no, but I rather believe Miss Laine prefers it.' I was quite taken back, and before I could say anything he was gone. I hope I've done nothing to displease him. He's the last person in the world I'd want to hurt."

"And you haven't; furthermore, I don't understand why he should have made such a statement to you."

"Please, please don't be angry with him. Promise?"

"I promise," she said, lighting the cigar he held between his lips. Courtenay removed the cigar and kissed her hand. The girl squeezed his hand in approval.

WARING, on his return, seemed a bit out of sorts, and Marjorie tried her best to cheer him up.

"Would you like some lunch," she asked.

"No, thank you," Waring replied without looking at her.

"I'll be running on then," she said. "Good night, Mr. Courtenay."

"Good night, little Miss Sunshine."

Waring walked out with her.

"Cec," he began, "you've treated me rather shabily of late; it has hurt me more than you will ever know. Ever since I brought this fellow Courtenay here, you've paid little or no attention to me—you haven't once thought of me; and—you must know how I feel toward you."

"I'm sorry, if I've offended you, Prince; if I have, it's been wholly unintentional. By doing for him—I thought I was helping you."

"It isn't because of me that you've taken such good care of him. I'm almost forced to believe that you're in love with the chap. Strange that you should take up with a total stranger."

Marjorie mistook this for sarcasm.

"Mr. Stanford, you have said quite enough. Good night."

Waring caught her by the arm.

"I'm not 'Stanford' with you—but 'Waring,' or 'Price.' Please don't call me 'Mister.' After all, why should you?" The girl tried to release her arm, but he would not let go. "Dear," he began again, I'm a fool, I know, and I apologize for acting this way, but I love you—I've loved you from the first; that night——"

"Don't recall that night," she cried angrily.

"But it was on that night you led me to believe that you cared—and you do care, you do," and like a flash he had her in his arms, and was kissing her passionately. "Darling," he murmured.

"You beast! You cad!" she flung at him, fighting madly to free herself. "Let me go, let me go," she cried, bursting into tears.

"I'm not a beast—I'm not a cad," he said, dropping his arms to his side. "I'm only a man in love—have pity on me." He opened the door and let her in. "Good night," he said. The girl did not answer. Closing the door, he hesitated for a moment, then walked up the stairs and into his room.

"Courtenay—how about going to the hospital tomorrow; do you feel equal to it?"

"Sure! Let's go, eh?"

"The sooner I get away from here the better."

"Does the little girl know?"

"No—I suppose I'd better run down

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and tell her." In a few moments he was knocking on her door. When she opened the door she looked up at him thru tear-dimmed eyes. "Can you forgive me?" She left him standing in the doorway and walked into the room, and stood with her back to him.

"All this could have been avoided," she said, finally. Waring walked over and gently took hold of her hand, kissing it. "I'm very unhappy because I've hurt you—won't you say that you forgive me?"

"I forgive you," she said.

"Thanks," he said, releasing her hand. "And we're still the same good friends?"

"Always, Price." The words seemed to come from the bottom-most depths of her ehart, and she smiled up at him in a way that made him know that she did forgive, because—she understood.

"We always hurt the things we love; we're a bad lot—we men."

"We women are somewhat to blame, too; we try to play fair—we want to be square: I sometimes wonder if we do play the game fairly and squarely."

"It's hard to tell who's to blame. Anyhow, I believe everybody tries to do what is right."

"I like to think so, anyhow."

"Oh, well, we'll lay the blame on 'Life'—we have to blame some one, or something, so we just say, 'it's Life.' And go on, doing the best we can."

"The best we can," the girl repeated, "is as much as can be expected of us poor mortals."

"Oh, yes. I've arranged to take Courtenay to the hospital tomorrow morning. Can you go with us?"

"Tomorrow—you're going to take him away tomorrow?"

"Yes, he's anxious to have the operation over with—so am I."

"And you want me to go along?"

"Why, of course. I couldn't manage without you, and I know Courtenay would feel better if you were along. You can get away from the office, can't you?"

"Very well, I shall be ready at whatever time you say."

"About 8 o'clock, eh?"

"Yes."

"All right, then, I shall be saying 'good-night,' so you can get to bed. You must be awfully tired. These have been trying days for you."

"Good night," old Pal," she said, and she held his hand between both hers. "You're not going to be unhappy, are you?"

"Not so long as I have you for a 'Pal'—but, some day, I shall lose you, and then—then, I shall never be happy—again."

"Please," she said, pleadingly.

"But it's true," he said. "Good night." There was a lump in his throat, and the tears he had so bravely held back came trickling down his cheeks. The girl leaned against the closed door and wept—why, she did not know.

RICHARD COURTENAY, comfortably situated in the hospital, could only hope and pray. If his sight were restored he would continue his search for Marjorie—he would begin life anew, and make up to her for all the unhappiness he had caused her. Would she forgive him? And did she still love him? She would, ah, she would if she knew what he had gone thru, what he had suffered to find her, and how deeply he loved her. "Marjorie," he groaned aloud, covering his face with his hands.

"Did you call?" He was not aware of the nurse's presence in the room.

"No—I must have been dreaming. What time is it?"

"Six thirty-seven." The nurse was a kind little soul.

"My friends will be here soon, won't they?"

"Yes, the young lady said she'd return as soon as she had had her dinner."

"A fine girl, nurse."

"She seems very nice—quite beautiful, too."

"She is beautiful?"

"Have you never seen her?"

"No," he said sadly, "but I hope to."

"Poor fellow," the nurse thought to herself.

"This fellow, Stanford—he's a good-looking chap, I suppose."

"Yes, he's handsome, I'd say. Has broad shoulders, is about five foot seven and weighs about one hundred and seventy, I judge. Good features, black hair and snappy blue eyes. Now you'll know him when you see him," the nurse joked.

"Describe the girl, so that I'll recognize her."

"No, no," said Marjorie, coming in the door, "that's to be a surprise. Have we been gone long?"

"If you were gone but a minute 'twould seem an eternity to me." The girl took his hand. Would he forgive her for deceiving him this way? Yet, she couldn't tell him, now.

Realizing that Stanford stood there, Courtenay turned his head in his direction. "My friend, I hope you don't mind," his voice faltering; "I do miss her. I miss her voice—the touch of her hand. Her very presence changes the room from one of darkness to one of sunshine. She is so like my little—Marjorie." The girl, her eyes wet with tears, walked to the window and looked out. A ghastly silence enveloped the room. Finally the man on the bed began again.

"My dear friends, I may not survive the operation tomorrow; the anaesthetic, you know—it's taken many. In case I don't I want you both to know that I love you dearly. And when I am where there is no darkness——" Hearing the sobs of the girl he stopped. Waring led her to a chair. "Please don't cry," he said, placing his arms gently about her.

"I'm sorry, so sorry," Courtenay said.

"She's all right now. These women folks must have their little cry, you know," and Waring tried to laugh.

IN THE sanctity of the dim-lit chapel a girl knelt and prayed, prayed that the man on the operating table on the floor above would be made to see. Outside the operating room stood Waring, an anxious look on his face, while within a famous surgeon worked on in silence. "All right," Waring heard him say, and he thanked God that the task was done. At any rate Courtenay had beat the anaesthetic. Presently the white doors were thrown open and Courtenay was wheeled back into his room. He lie there, quiet and motionless; he had not yet come from under the anaesthetic. The girl sat close by, and the man stood at the foot of the bed. Soon the surgeon entered, gave the nurse her orders, then motioned to Waring to step outside the room with him.

"Is he all right, nurse?" the girl whispered.

"Quite all right, madam." The nurse was a sweet, amiable little thing.

"May—may I hold his hand? It won't disturb him?"

"No; you may hold his hand."

"Marjorie," he mumbled; "Marjorie." The girl unconsciously squeezed his hand.

"That was the last thing he said before the ether took effect," the little nurse said, looking at the girl opposite him and seeming to understand.

"Was that all he said?" Marjorie asked.

"He said something about it being so lonely when he went home. He said 'everything reminded me of you—and I came away to find you, Marjorie, and take you back.' He's talked about this 'Marjorie' a lot of times since he's been here." The man stirred, and both were on the alert.

Waring returned and found Marjorie gently rubbing the sick man's hand. She was not aware of his presence in the room, and when he touched her shoulder it frightened her. "I want to talk with you; how about going for a drive? The air will do you good?"

"I'll go," she whispered, and rather hesitatingly laid the hand she held between both hers, on the bed.

"GEE, I'm glad to get away from the smell of that ether for awhile, aren't you?" And Waring assisted her into his car. "Just as soon as we get

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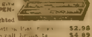

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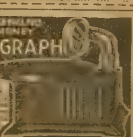

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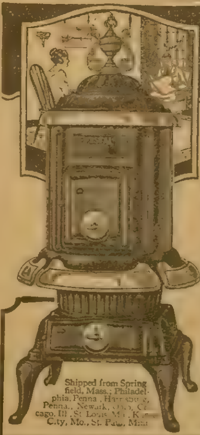

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out of this traffic I'll tell you what the Doctor said." Marjorie knew that it must be good news, for Waring seemed very happy. He was wearing that broad, good-natured smile, that radiated his dark blue eyes, and made prominent the dimple in his chin. Marjorie liked Price Waring.

"Do you feel all right," he said, patting her hand.

"Yes, Price. I feel fine." she smiled up at him.

"You'd say so, anyway."

"How soon are they going to remove the bandages?" Marjorie asked.

"Next Monday—one week from today. Think of it."

"One week from today—and, the prospects?"

"Fine! Doctor say's he is almost confident that the operation is going to turn out a success."

"I feel very optimistic about it, too, Price." She was looking straight ahead, and wishing that she had the courage to tell him the truth about what Courtenay meant to her. She would tell him, later; that evening perhaps. They rode along in silence. Returning to the hospital, they found Courtenay resting well, with everything in his favor. And, for the first time in months, Waring was happy. He was free—free from the thing that had overshadowed his life. There was little doubt but that Courtenay would see. Price Waring had stepped out of his life of luxury and selfishness and "found" himself. He had learned that the greatest joy came from bringing happiness to some one else. In all his twenty-seven years, he had never been so happy, except that he was afraid he had found "the only girl" but to lose her. He had told his mother all about her, and they had arranged to have her visit with them for a few days. Waring did not like the idea of her returning to that forlorn old rooming house

"Don't forget, Cec—you're going home with mother and me, tonight."

"I'd better return to my room, Price. It's awfully good of your mother to want me, but, really——"

"But why go back to that lonely old place? Come, won't you? Perfectly all right, you know."

"I know that, but——"

"Here's mother now," and Price greeted his mother with a kiss. She was a fine looking woman of perhaps fifty, endowed with charm and grace.

"Cecil, this is my mother."

"I'm very glad to know you," the girl said, stepping forward and grasping the elder woman's hand.

"I've heard so much about you, my child, that an introduction is hardly necessary. My son has talked 'Cecil' for weeks."

"You're telling tales out of school, mother." And he put his arms about the two, Marjorie smiling up at him. He wished she hadn't smiled at him that way.

"Of course you're coming home with us this evening Mrs. Waring asked. "My daughter is away, and it's dreadfully lonesome. I'd love to have you visit with us indefinitely. Can't you?"

"I'd enjoy nothing quite so much, but it is impossible. I must be getting back to business. Do you know I haven't been near my office today, and I don't feel as tho I shall be able to go tomorrow, either. I'm beginning to feel a little tired."

"That's just why you should visit with mother for awhile. You'll have nothing to do, but eat, sleep, and play."

"You're tempting me, Price, and you know that I haven't time for play. However, I'll go home with you tonight, for I do want to have a little visit with your mother—and you," she added.

Again at Courtenay's bedside, they found him in a heavy sleep, the after effects of ether. Marjorie didn't want to leave him; she wanted to stay with him, and her heart was heavy as she left the room with Price and his mother. Downstairs an idea came to her: she would pretend that she had left something behind—slip back into Dick's room, and kiss him good night. Then she would feel better about leaving him. The scheme worked, and in another minute Marjorie was in his room. The nurse had stepped out, and they were alone—just she and Dick. She was careful to see that he was sleeping, then, with tender care, she leaned down and kissed him. Just as she did, Price Waring entered; he tried to exit unseen, but Marjorie had turned at the sound of his footsteps.

"You'll pardon me," he said; "Mother insisted that I return with you. She thought perhaps I could help you find what you came for." The girl was speechless. Her face was crimson. "Are you ready to go, now?" the man said, relieving the awkward situation a bit.

"Y-e-s, thank you," she managed, and hurried past him, and into the elevator.

Courtenay had awakened at the touch of her lips. On the drive home Marjorie sat with Mrs. Waring, and tried hard to appear interested in what she was saying, but her mind was on what Price might be thinking. He had not spoken since they left the hospital.

"Now my dear, make yourself at home; and if you'll be so kind as to excuse me, I'll hurry off to my room. I'm really quite tired this evening."

"Why, of course, Mrs. Waring."

"My maid will take care of you. I'll send her down. Her name is 'Henri.'"

"Thank you."

"Price will be here in a minute."

"Don't worry—I shan't find it hard to amuse myself here. I shall probably be up half the night exploring. You have such a lovely place, Mrs. Waring."

"I just love it, my child. Well, good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Waring."

"Good night, mother," Price called from the doorway."

"Good night, son."

Price led Marjorie into the library. They sat down opposite each other, but she would not trust herself to look at him. "Mr. Waring," she said, her head bowed, "I've something to tell you—something I should have told you before now. But—oh, well, I just couldn't—that's all."

"Tell me anything—but please don't call me 'Mister' any more tonight," he smiled.

"It isn't—easy—to tell." Her face was flushed, and she was on the verge of tears.

"You shouldn't find it hard to tell me anything, Cecil; pals that we've been."

"To begin with, Price—my name isn't 'Cecil Laine,' but—'Marjorie Weston.' I haven't meant to deceive you, but—I—I couldn't tell you all, so—I didn't tell you anything. After you've heard my story, I'm sure you'll understand."

"Marjorie," he repeated; then leaning forward: "This fellow Courtenay—he—he knows you? Are you the one he's been calling?"

"Yes," she half whispered—"I'm his divorced wife——"

"You were his—wife? God! Lately I've felt that you must know him—but I didn't dream—I can hardly believe it," he cried, getting up and walking a few steps away from her. The girl burst into tears. "It's all right—you—know," he managed to say. "Just a bit of a shock." Sitting on the arm of her chair, he took her hand in both of his. "You love him, don't you?"

"With all that is in me." He gripped her hand.

"It must be great to be loved like that." There was sadness in his voice. "Tell me all about it, Cecil."

"Marjorie," she corrected.

"I shall always remember you as 'Cecil,' for as 'Cecil' you were mine—as 'Marjorie' you are another's. It would but mar my memories of you, were I to think of 'Marjorie.' I want only to remember—'Cecil.' Memories! All that is left. But they are golden memories, and they can neither fade nor die."

"Sometimes—memories are the best." The man made no answer, and for a few minutes there was silence. "Price," the girl began, "the story I'm going to tell you is a long one. Strange as it may seem to you—I've never told it to another living soul; somehow, I want you to know. It's because—you care, I suppose. And because I've depended on you so."

She told him how she and Courtenay happened to meet—of the happiness that followed, and their marriage. Waring listened intently, the girl, now and then, wiping a tear from her eye, continued to pour out the grief that had been hid away in her heart. —"and about two weeks before the election, some one—a man—Belton Ward, whom I had met several years previous, threatened to tell Dick about something that had happened if I did not see him at once. I went to his apartment, once, twice, several times, begging and pleading with him to let me alone, for Dick's sake, but he would not. Dick was his opponent for the governorship—he wanted to ruin him. Then, one night—I went to Ward's apartment, resolved to do—anything, that Dick might be saved. It was close on to 8 o'clock; hardly had I arrived when Dick rushed in upon us. He shot—I don't remember anything after that. He didn't die, but Dick was a ruined man. He was defeated. It was the 'end of our happiness.' The end of everything—for me." Getting up and walking across the floor [illegible] her back to Price, "Dick would not see me; he would not let me explain. The night of the election I went to his apartment—the place which had once been my home, too. He was most unkind to me, and I thought then that—I could never forgive him; but now—now everything has changed. I did not see him again until you brought him to Mrs. Lovell's." For a second or so she was silent; then she turned to him and continued. "Price—I was not really bad."

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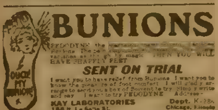
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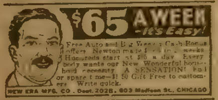
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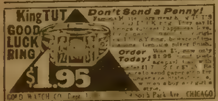
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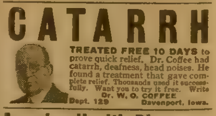
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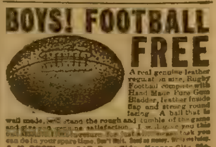
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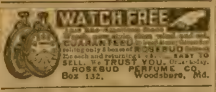
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bad." He arose and went to her side. "Don't cry," he said, kindly

"I needed money," she sobbed, "my mother was dying for the want of medical care. At the time, I was employed by Belton Ward, and I asked him to loan me the money needed to have an operation performed on my mother. I told him I would pay back so much each month—interest, too. He proposed an easier way—the only way he'd let me have the money." The girl dropped to her knees, and buried her face in the lounge, weeping convulsively. Waring knelt beside her, tears in his eyes. "You poor little girl," he said, helping her to her feet. The girl let her head rest against his shoulder. "The last days of my poor dear mother's life were made happier—for once she had the things so long denied her." Raising her tear-stained face to his, "Price, I—I'm glad—she—never knew. She was such a dear, good, little mother."

"You didn't do anything—you must try to forget it; forget that 'old rotter,' Ward. Promise me, you will?"

"You—you still—like me—after what I've told you?"

"What you've told me has not in the least changed my liking for you. I believe in you."

"If only—he—had believed in me."

"It was because he didn't understand; he does now."

"I might have known you'd understand, Price; and you are the only one in whom I've confided."

"Then it is my secret, and yours."

"And—mine." Richard Courtenay stood in the doorway, his arms outstretched, tears trickling down his cheeks. He was wthout collar and tie, and the bandage was gone from his eyes.

"Dick," the girl cried, staggering towards him, "Dick!" He held her in his arms, kissing her lips, her eyes, her hair. "My little sweetheart," he said, "my own little wife!"

"You can see, Dick?" she asked, drawing her hand gently across his eyes.

"Yes, darling, yes! God has been merciful unto me, a sinner. Kiss me; say that you forgive me." Marjorie raised her lips to his. "I love you, Dick; I have always loved—you."

Waring, seeing that Courtenay was at the point of exhaustion, helped him to the lounge. "My God, man, how did you get here? How did you know?"

"Call the doctor, please, Price."

"Don't worry, dear. I'm all right. I've missed you—so."

"Nothing shall ever separate us, now." Marjorie laid her cheek against his, and he put his frail arms about her.

"Suppose I hadn't found you—what would have become of me? I couldn't have gone on without you."

Waring hurried back into the room. "The doctor is on his way, the nurse said."

"Billy went for him." Dick's voice was weak and shaky.

"Billy!" Marjorie cried. "Is he here?"

"Yes, old Chesterton's here—when he comes. He'll tell you all about it."

"Billy Chesterton! Why, he's an old schoolmate of mine," Waring exclaimed.

"I'm so tired, Marjorie; oh, so tired."

"Rest, dear; don't talk. I'll stay right here with you."

"It's so good to be with you again," he said, his voice breaking, tears starting afresh. Marjorie wiped away the tears and kissed him tenderly.

"And to think that I doubted you," he said.

"MY GOD, Chesterton, when I saw him standing there in the doorway, the bandage gone from his eyes, my heart stopped beating!"

"Well, sir, there was no holding him at the hospital after he learned that the girl was Marjorie. I told him I'd get her and bring her there that very night. 'No, sir,' he said, 'find out where she has gone, and get my clothes.' He had already torn the bandage from his eyes. The poor little nurse was so excited I expected to see her jump out the window any minute."

"By the way, I must run down to the hospital, and see that she isn't let out because of this. Courtenay seems none the worse for his escapade."

"See if Marjorie is coming down to breakfast, will you, Waring?"

"Yes: I'll have mother call her. Poor mother, she hasn't yet gotten over the excitement of last night. It was some—night. And Waring, laughing, left the room

MARJORIE greeted Billy with smiles and tears. He kissed her.

"Oh, Billy, tell me all about it!"

"All right; let's be seated. And while you eat your breakfast I'll tell you how it happened. But, first, I must tell you how beautiful you are this morning. You haven't changed a bit."

"Oh, Billy," she said, smiling at him, "please go on with the story."

"Well, day before yesterday, Courtenay wired me to come on; said he was laid up in a hospital—something wrong with his eyes. Previous to that I hadn't had a line from him. I caught the first train, and, upon arrival, went direct to the hospital. As I stepped out of the cab you got into a car ahead. I called to you, but you did not hear me, and the car sped away. Naturally, after greeting Dick, I said that I was sorry to have missed you. At that he sat straight up in the bed, tearing the cloth from his eyes and head. 'Marjorie!' he said, grasping my wrist. 'Marjorie here?' There was no holding him at the hospital then. He said he was going to find you"—lighting a cigarette. "The nurse very reluctantly gave us Waring's address. When I got here with him I turned him over to the butler, then hurried back for the doctor. It was one night, I'll say."

"Isn't it wonderful that he can see again, Billy." Tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Nothing short of a miracle."

"And Billy, I'm sure—he loves me." Marjorie said shyly.

"He has never stopped loving you, honey, and I know that you did not forget Dick."

"I couldn't if I had wanted to; I love him too much to ever forget him."

"Did he rest well thru the night?"

"He had a splendid night, Billy. I sat beside him, and held his hand. He asked me not to leave him. Everything seemed just like it used to. I didn't feel a bit strange with him. He's the same Dick." Billy smoked on, and Marjorie inquired about Sherrill.

"Sherrill is just fine," he said, his face all smiles, "and we're soon to be married."

"Just what I expected to hear. Oh, how I'd love to see Sherrill! She's such a dear girl."

"She certainly is, Marge, and I hope I shall always prove worthy of her."

"I know you are going to be very happy, Billy."

"One couldn't be other than happy with a wife like Sherrill."

Marjorie hurried back to Dick, leaving Billy to his pipe, to dream of Sherrill. She found Dick dressed up in Price's lounging robe, waiting for her. He held out his arms to her, and, she nestled against his breast. He raised her lips to his, and kissed her tenderly.

"Marjorie, I'm going to spend the rest of my life making you happy."

"Just love me, Dick, that's all I ask of you. And—there's nothing more to be explained — you — understand everything?"

"The past is past. We shall never refer to it again."

"But Dick, dear, we won't go back to San Francisco," she pleaded.

"You don't want to go back?"

"No—I want to forget all that has happened; I couldn't if I went back there."

"Very well, sweetheart, we'll stay in New York." Pausing a moment or two: "I haven't much to offer you now——"

"That matters little," she said, drawing his face down to hers; "anyway, there's that money you put in trust for me; you can use that."

"Oh, no; that's yours, honey; I wouldn't think of touching that."

"I'd rather call it 'our' money—we're partners, you know. Life partners."

"And to think that I almost lost you," Dick moaned, as he held her to him. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and his lips trembled. "I'll never doubt you again, little girl, never."

"You mustn't be sad," the girl coaxed, wiping the tears from his eyes. "We're going to be happy—oh, so happy."

A knock came upon the door, and in rushed Sherrill. "Sherrill!" Marjorie exclaimed. The two girls kissed and cried a bit, then Sherrill kissed Dick. "How are you, old fellow?"

"Fine, Sherr, and quite the happiest man in the world."

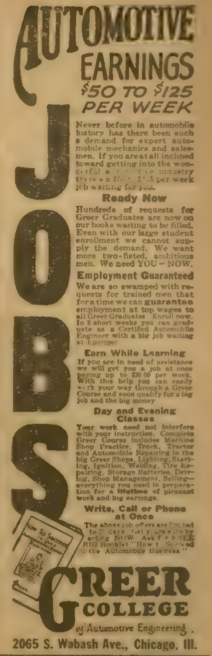
"I'm so glad—so glad for both of you," she said, putting her arm about Marjorie's shoulder.

"Billy has told us the good news," Marjorie ventured.

"Isn't it just like a man to tell everything he knows; I don't suppose he has left anything for me to tell," she joked.

"Poor man," Dick sighed, and they all laughed merrily.

"Now I must run along and find my dear Billy. I haven't seen him since—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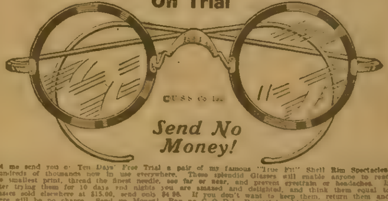
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well, since he left me, fifteen minutes ago."

Dick and Marjorie laughed aloud.

"You shouldn't laugh at me—I [illegible] you two before your wedding, you know, and now you're doing it all over again. And I'm here to throw some more rice, and some more shoes. Why, you don't seem to appreciate the fact that I've come all the way from San Francisco to see you [illegible]."

"You must have come in an airplane, Sherrill."

"No, Dick, because I'm marrying, don't think I'm foolish enough to take a greater risk on my life. No, no airplanes. Not even to get to my wedding. I'm here because I left San Francisco a few hours later than Billy; we had planned to elope. When I got off the train, and Billy told me all this, I decided to put off our wedding for at least ten days—divide up the excitement, as it were. In fact, I've lost interest in my own affair."

"Oh, Sherrill," Marjorie laughed, taking her hands, "can't you ever be serious?"

"Well, come on, going with me, Marjorie?"

Marjorie kissed Dick, and left the room with Sherrill.

"I'll send her back soon," Sherrill called back to Dick.

ANOTHER day, another honeymoon. Price and his mother had arranged a lovely wedding feast, and the two lovers had been reunited. All hearts beat to the tune of the wedding march, save Price's; and all were gay, save Price and his mother, who understood.

Marjorie was beautiful, in a dainty white frock, her hair becomingly dressed, and her large blue eyes sparkling with merriment. Dick, too, was handsomely groomed. Tho still a trifle weak, he seemed in the best of health, and was happy beyond words. He thought Marjorie more beautiful than ever. She had lost none of her charm; none of her youthfulness. And he thanked God, over and over, for having given her back to him; for having restored his sight. He had valued both so little—until they had been taken from him. To regain them he had been made to suffer much.

Sherill, vivacious and dashing, frolicked about, assisting Marjorie in getting her things together, while dear old Billy helped Dick Waring, in his room, took from the lapel of his coat a white flower, and, pressing it to his lips, murmured, "We never know we have a heart 'til it begins to break." Going downstairs he found Marjorie talking with his mother. When he entered his mother begged to be excused, and they were left alone.

"Dear Cecile, please know that all my life I shall wish for your health and happiness." He extended his hand, and she took it in both hers."

"Thanks, old pal. Words are indeed feeble, as I try to group them into expression of my appreciation for all you have done for me—and for Dick." There were tears in the girl's eyes, and the man bit his lips and made a brave effort to hide his grief. "I shan't ever forget you," she said, the words seeming to come from the depths of her heart.

"I may never see you again, Cec," turning his face from her, "but, oh, it feels so good to know that we did meet in this great big world of sunshine—and sadness—and that every second flew on wings of happiness. Never, never, shall I forget. Truly, they were the happiest days of my life; the hours I spent with you shall never fade from my memory." He gripped her hand and forced a smile to his face. "Forgive me," he said, seeing that his words had driven the sparkling merriment from her eyes. At this moment Dick came into the room. "Ready, dear? Let's go."

With his arm about Marjorie, Dick grasped the hand of Price Waring, and clinched it hard. "Waring, I hope for the day that I may be able to do half so much for you as you have done for me. 'Twould be folly to hope to ever be able to do as much."

"It has all been such joy, old man."

"As soon as we return you must run in on us, Waring. Marjorie and I hope to see you often."

"I'll do that, Courtenay."

"Well, goood-by, Waring." The men shook hands, and Courtenay moved on to say farewell to the others.

"It was time to say "good-by" to her, and Waring's heart sank, never to rise again.

"You'll come and see us often, Price?" He did not answer, but pressed her hand to his lips and kissed it. Marjorie hesitated a moment, then put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Good-by, old pal," she said, sweetly.

"Good-by and thanks," Waring answered.

"Smile for me, Price." Waring uttered a hysterical laugh. And as she left him she called back "Always wear a smile for me." Had she been within hearing distance she would have heard Waring's pathetic "For you [illegible]." And tho his heart was breaking, he smiled with the others, as they waved good-by to her. The train pulled out, and for a few seconds he stood there, seeing in the smoke curling from that monster engine the face of the girl he loved. And again, he said, "We never know we have a heart 'til it begins to break."

THE END

A Mountain Nymph

(Concluded From Page 2)

voice, which yet left the hearer in no doubt of its firm purpose, sang out: "Stand where you are and tell your business, or this gun will go off."

"Put up your gun, Mag; I am old Samson, and these are some friends of mine. I'll be responsible for them. Light your lantern, Mag; we've got a crippled man along, and we'll have to take him to your shanty till he can be moved."

The girl lighted her lantern and invited them in. The rays of that lantern falling on the face of Mag Mumford brought a revelation to Ches and Bob. Ches forgot his throbbing ankle. He forgot everything on this earth except that before him, dressed in a cheap and faded gown, bare as to head and feet, her perfect neck unsoiled by any covering, stood the loveliest woman he had ever seen. He thought of all the dreams of fairies which had filled the nights of his childhood. He thought he must be in a delirium, and that this lovely creature must be the creation of his frenzied brain. No, it was a thing of flesh and blood. The girl quickly tore her apron into strings and made a bandage, which she soaked in whisky, and with which she wrapped the wounded ankle. "Carry him to our cabin," she said and led the way with her lantern, while the two men followed with their burden.

No fairer, softer hand ever spread couch than the hand of mountain Mag as she smoothed the pillows for Radburne.

FOR long weeks he lay in bed with his ankle propped by pillows, and it was a long time after he was perfectly recovered before he was willing to admit it. Refusing, like the wilful fellow he was, all attendance save Mag's, he had full opportunity to take in all the details of her bewildering beauty. He caught himself wondering a hundred times what a stir that matchless face and form would make in the ballroom of the Radburne mansion. He told her stories of the big world beyond the mountain crest, and felt his heart catch [illegible] glow of her deep brown eyes dis[illegible] in wonderment. With simplest [illegible] she told him of her father, convicted for violation of the revenue law, and of another one, Sam Burns, who had been convicted with him. Radburne thought—it might have been a jealous fancy—that he saw a heightening of the [illegible] color and an unusual lustre in her [illegible] at the mention of Burns' name. [illegible] tho it were, it hurt him worse than his wounded ankle. This wild mountain flower, lovelier than any that grew in the garden of his acquaintance, must be his own—that he had decided.

Hobbling along with Bob Briscoe one day, he blurted out his intention of asking Mag to be his wife. Briscoe held up both hands. "Ches, I did give you credit for some sense. The girl's beauty has made captive of your reason. Fancy your mother and sisters with their noses unanimously tilted at the entrance of a convict's daughter into your home. You [illegible] better broken your neck than your [illegible]."

"Blow their noses!" said Ches irreverently, "and yours, too, for that matter, Bob; there is but one thing can prevent my marrying the girl, and [illegible] [illegible]ty that some big-fisted [illegible] [illegible]eer may have engaged her fancy be[illegible] Fate threw me here with a sprained [illegible]."

"[illegible] not, Ches. However, if you are determined to make a fool of yourself, you'd better get a phrase-book and [illegible]duct your fair charmer into the speech [illegible], and then introduce her [illegible] the princess you have rescued from this wilderness."

"Society be [illegible], and you along with it. Any more unsought advice may call for a blow."

Ches was evidently getting angry. Briscoe played with him as a child. "Ah, well, my mother taught me not to fight a crazy man or a cripple, Ches, and you are both now," laughed Bob.

The conversation drifting in such dangerous directions was cut short by the vision of Mag tripping by them with the freedom and grace of a bird. She stopped near them. Both men admitted to themselves that they never saw a diviner face or form. Briscoe was on the point of forgiving Radburne for everything.

"Mr. Radburne, I must take you back home," she said, looking into his hot face. "Your walk has given you a fever."

Briscoe bowed and walked away whistling a low tune. Radburne's heart was in his mouth as the two walked slowly home.

"Maggie, what do you reckon would happen if I should fall in love with you?"

"Why, I suppose you would fall in love, that's all," was the simply reply.

"Have you ever been in love, Maggie?"

"Oh, I don't know. You see, we have been shut in here so long—father has been in this business ever since I was a baby—I haven't seen many folks to fall in love with."

"Have you never had a lover at all? How about Sam?"

Her color grew slightly. "Sam has always been a good friend of mine—he was in the business with father, you know. He was a sort of clerk. Sam will be home in two weeks. His sentence wasn't as long as father's." She didn't tell him that Sam had scrawled a long letter to her several days before, written in jail, and that she had spent half a day either in deciphering it or in reading it over and over.

"Don't you think you could love me, Maggie?" The color came in rich abundance now, and she let him retain her finely-shaped hand. "You understand, my dear girl, that I love you, and want you to go back with me as my wife."

"Mr. Radburne, I thank you for what you have said. You have been good to me, and the place has seemed different

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to me since you have been here. I have not been so well satisfied. Before you came I never dreamed of any other life than one shut in these mountain caves—a blockader's daugher, and, maybe, a blockader's wife. Here is the new trouble; I am an ignorant mountain girl, and you would get tired of me sometimes, and my country ways. And if I married Sam, I could not now forget that I had seen somebody from the outside world."

No speech had ever touched Radburne like the rough eloquence of this girl and the sadness of her confession as she left him and went into the house.

A FEW days later Radburne had about recovered from his sprain, and was strolling with rod and line down a delightful creek path, picking his way between the dense laurel and rhododendrons. Some heavy-footed animal was beating up the same path, cracking the dry twigs as it came. Ches stopped and waited. Coming nearer, the animal proved to be a big, brawny mountaineer, six feet high, with a heavy shock of sandy-red hair surmounting a freckled face, from which looked out two fiercely blue eyes. Ches wisely withdrew from the narrow path to let the mountaineer pass, and saluted him with a pleasant, "Good morning."

"This is Mr. Radburne, I believe," said the stranger.

"Yes; what is your name?"

"Sam Burns."

Ches got a trifle shaky, tho he was not deficient in personal courage.

"I understand you've been hangin' around Mag. Is that so?"

"Well, Mr. Burns, a painful accident happened to throw me in Miss Mumford's care, and I do not deny that I have learned to love her, and I have told her so. If in this I have given you cause of offense, I am willing to give you such satisfaction as one gentleman may rightfully demand of another."

"And you wan't just foolin' with Mag or the fun of it?"

"No, sir; I am a gentleman, as I shall prove to you on such a time and place as you may please to name."

"What—fight, do you mean? Why, gimme your hand, boy. You're spunky enough, anyway. But Sam Burns ain't the man to take advantage of a fellow on account of his size."

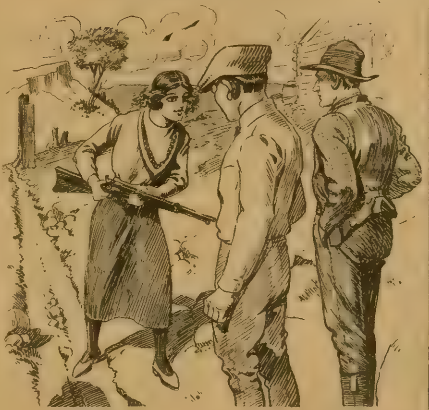
Ches shook hands with him. "I see," went on Sam, "I've been to see Mag, and the girl don't know how to decide between us. We've got to settle it somehow between ourselves. Now, I want to tote fair—what can you do? Can you shoot?"

Visions of a duel floated before Radburne's eyes.

"Shoot mark, I mean."

Radbburne's heart leaped up—he was the crack shot of his club, and here was a chance to use his skill in winning the greatest prize of his life. It was readily agreed, then, that they should go down to Mag's cabin and "shoot mark" for the girl.

BRISCOE was there and Mag, looking more dazzling than ever. Briscoe fixed the target, a piece of white paper, size of a nickel, on a pine board set against a stump, at a distance of thirty paces, each man to use his own gun, and to have three shots. Sam's old flintlock had not been used during the three months of his imprisonment, and on the first trial failed to fire. Sam poured rather too much priming into the pan, and on the next shot the powder burned his eyelids and lashes so that he was unable to shoot again.



She Lowered the Gun Without Firing, and Looked at Radburne, Then at Sam.

Ches put a ball from his Winchester within a half-inch of the center. When Sam laid down his gun Mag stepped up with pale face and said: "Fire your other two shots, Mr. Radburne; then I'll shoot for Sam."

Ches agreed. His second shot enlarged his first bullet hole on the side of the center. He was shooting for the price of his life. The third shot just grazed the wooden peg which held the paper.

Mag took Radburne's gun. "Does it shoot true?" she asked.

"Where you hold it," he answered laconically.

She raised it and took deliberate aim. Her nerves shook for the first time in her life. She lowered the gun without firing, and looked at Radburne, then at Sam, both of whom stood like criminals on trial, with unbeating hearts. Deliberately she raised the gun a second time—this time with steady hand. Her fine eyes ran down the sights, and her shapely fingers pulled the trigger. The sound of the report went bounding round and round the granite mountain columns, and the bullet pushed its way thru the center of the wooden peg. Returning the gun to Radburne, she shook hands with him and with Briscoe and then, linking her arm in Sam's, [illegible] away and left them on the field.

* * *

The Beggar's Coin

(Continued From Page 9)

He mentions money and tells where it is. My theory is that some one, besides himself, knew of the money and the hiding place. That was the motive of the crime. To prove whether I am right or wrong, I will have to search for the money. Do you know, Mr. Cranwell, whether the Hermitage has a cellar?"

"To my knowledge, there is no cellar."

"Then there must be some kind of a subterranean place and a secret door leading to it."

"Sounds like a tale from the 'Arabian Nights,'" remarked Mr. Cranwell. "When do you intend to start the search?"

"If Ormsby is still at the Hermitage I'll wait until this evening. I'd rather work when he is not there. Hello! What is Miss [illegible]?"

Harriet's impatient voice came from the hallway. "I tell you I did hear a scream, Donald. Oh, dear! This [illegible] conference doesn't seem to be [illegible]."

Gabriel Flame opened the door and looked into the hallway. "The conference is all over," he called. "What's the trouble now, Miss Cramer?"

Harriet [illegible] seized the lapels of his coat. "Mr. Flame, please search the Hermitage," she begged. "Donald is laughing at me because I told him there is an underground vault under the place. And I heard a scream. It was a woman's voice, but sounded far away. I just know that [illegible] under that place."

"[illegible]," said Flame quietly. "[illegible] right. There is a subterraneous passage under the Hermitage. We have found a letter that hints such a place and I am going to find it."

Donald stared dumbly, then pressed Harriet closer to him. "Forgive me for my rudeness, dear," he murmured. "I really thought your imagination had deceived you."

Harriet looked up brightly and squeezed his hand. Then she turned to her mother. "I have an idea who the beggar is. I wonder if I am right!"

"And who do you think he is?" asked Mrs. Cranwell encouragingly.

"Your brother—Carlos Lapez. I saw you with him in the garden Tuesday evening and as you passed beneath my window I caught the name of 'Carlos.' But I wasn't sure whether you were addressing him as Carlos or speaking to him of your brother."

"You are right, Harriet," answered Mrs. Cranwell. "The murdered beggar is Carlos Lapez. Tuesday evening was the last time I saw him alive. I pleaded with him to come back to our home and be the man his dead parents had longed for him to be. But it was of no use. This is the letter he wrote me on Wednesday."

Both Harriet and Donald read the letter.

"Now that that is settled," put in Gabriel Flame, "I'll hunt for the murderer. Was Ormsby still at the Hermitage when you left a while ago, Mr. Cranwell?"

"No," answered Donald. "He left for headquarters when we left and took Patrolman Harloff with him."

"Good! Then I'll make the search right now."

Who murdered the ragged beggar and what was the motive for the crime? The answers to these questions are most unexpected and Gabriel Flame runs into some exciting action before he rounds up the guilty person. The final installment in this absorbing story will appear in next week's Ledger.

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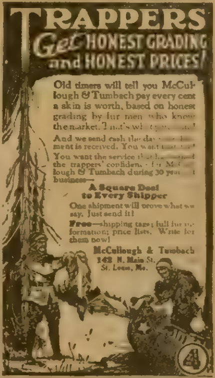

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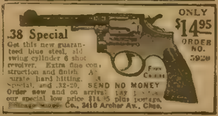

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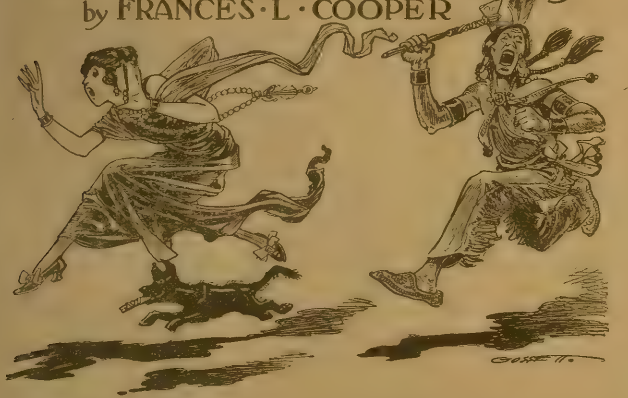
The Ambition Of Henry

by FRANCES · L · COOPER



FROM his treacherous perch on the rickety ladder, Henry surveyed the many cabins of the mountain resort. While he gazed one fat, brown hand made mechanical motions with the brush, empty of red paint. Clearly Henry's heart was not atuned to the cause of productive labor. A lark was enjoying a musical fit and in Henry's inarticulate mind was a curse because he, too, could not chirrup forth, in his habitual tuneless whistling, the exalted emotions which filled his soul.

He muttered to himself:

"Mis' Pelham she say that lady she got to res'. D—n! Rich woman get best cabin, best bath, best rugs, best blankets. Do nothin'. Pore ol' Henry gotta paint roofs. D—n!"

His small, slanted, beady eyes glared at the choice seclusion of the near-by cabin. Scattered pines, tall and green, and huge oak trees cast mottled shade. In the distance, Tauquitz peak thrust a spire of rock into the sky. But grandeur was wasted upon Henry.

Within the cabin, at this hour of 10, while virtuous Indians toiled for a living, the rich woman was having an elegant breakfast in bed. He could glimpse a dainty tray thru the half open door. After this repast, he knew she would sleep some more. Envy rasped him. Henry loved to bask, to smoke a good cigar, to doze in the sun.

But a hateful ambition pricked him on. Money he must have. Sighing, he dipped the brush lanquidly into the pot, scanned morosely the expanse of roof yet remaining, flapped busily for a moment, paused and sighed again.

The very idea of work was evil; the actual motions were a sin against all the fine sensibilities of his luxurious nature.

But—fifty dollars! He meditated. One fine blue suit, with belt and pockets, narrow patent leather shoes, a striped silk shirt, a tie—preferably mixed gold and purple—and then would he dazzle Lolita into dumbness. Resentment flooded him. Last time she'd called him "A fat slob of a loafin' Chollo'"

He'd show her! She wasn't nothin' but a Chollo herself while he, Henry, had in his veins the blue blood of a French nobleman. He thought lovingly of his big brown horse, a splendid animal! Few people really noticed that empty eye socket. A good horse! A real cow pony! He visioned himself, in the magnificence of blue suit, sweeping to an impressive halt, the horse reined back upon his haunches, before her door. Nonchalantly he'd toss her a box of candy. Spontaneous admiration would be in her eyes!

"A ol' fat slob!"

He shifted his two hundred pounds and the ladder moaned. The sun was warming up to its summer duty. He put his brush down again and stripped to his sleeveless undershirt. Then he mopped his face with the back of a paint-splashed paw. A goary smear half-mooned his round plump face. Above his low brow a shock of coarse black hair reared up and outwards like the bristles of an indestructible broom.

Another sigh commenced. It choked off abruptly. He seized the brush convulsively and began to paint more roof in thirty seconds than had been covered in the past twenty minutes.

The cause of his wild spurt was coming around the corner of a cabin. It was Mrs. Pelham, owner of the popular resort. In her eyes was amusement. In her right hand was a tin-foil-covered object.

Mrs. Pelham cherished a belief that she knew this particular Indian sideways and lengthwise. His preference for a wheedling woman officer was notorious knowledge; properly coaxed he would perform miracles of labor which no stern masculine command could extort from him.

And she knew his particular code. Hence the gorgeous tin-foil-covered cigar. With this bait before him, a noon-time reward, old Henry would work with commendable speed until the big bell clanged for lunch, when he would descend and honorably garner in the tidbit. This [illegible] reposed trust would not be violated.

"Oh, Henry!" she called softly.

Henry gave a pretended start of surprise. Mrs. Pelham suppressed a quivering smile at his bloodily decorated face, at the smeared undershirt.

"See, Henry!" and she held up the cigar, a genuine fifteen-center. Henry's wide, fat lips broke into a smile. He hadn't had a cigar for two weeks and he abhorred cigarettes. She laid a finger to her lips, pointed at the rich woman's cabin, placed the cigar on a pine stump, and motioned toward the sun, toward the kitchen bell. The black bush of hair jerked violently in understanding assent.

Still smiling to herself, Mrs. Pelham paced away, followed eratically by a leaping, ridiculous little black pup which had recently attached himself to the camp for the sake of free and plentiful garbage. Here and there she stooped to pick up a disfiguring piece of paper. Financial content was filling her breast. The summer season was beginning well. Mrs. Macklin, a millionaire's wife, had hinted she'd stay all summer, provided she secured the necessary quiet. And perhaps later she would have her family join her—when she felt able to stand them.

Her head perked on one side, Mrs. Pelham considered. Spring painting had to go on, but there was no reason why Henry, firmly managed, should not be silent. In this corner of the grounds there could be no noise but that of larks and other birds. She glided away, estimating profits, her mouth moving slightly

Furtively glancing, Henry ascertained the complete vanishment of his boss. Below him on the stump the fine cigar glittered silvery in the sunshine. He made a preliminary feel in his trousers for matches. He found two. He yawned. A midriff sensation aroused a hope that the noon meal would have lots of thick, tender meat. Then a cool, shady spot, the cigar, a tiny nap.

A wave of honor came over him. The roof was assaulted with a furious attack of painting. The lark sang on.

REACHING for the paint can, a suspicious premonition struck the Indian. He looked down.

His forepaws on the stump, his ears pricked, his jaws wide, was the black cur in the dreadful act of engulfing the wonderful cigar.

Henry exhaled a horrified hiss. The jaws closed. The rich woman in search of peace departed from Henry's one-trail consciousness. A piercing yell shrieked from his throat. The pup skipped; he thought it was a game of catch-as-catch-can. The cigar was tossed provocatively to return to the gaping mouth. Unnatural sweat beaded Henry's forehead.

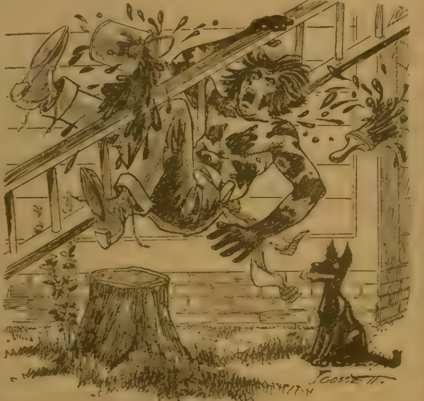
"He'll break 'at d—m ceegar!"

The brush whistled thru the air, missed the pup, stimulated him into a devilish, frolicsome gambol.

Eaten by consuming anxiety, Henry shifted both feet to one side. The ladder tottered. Henry extended an arm, weighted by a gallon of paint, in a futile effort to restore balance.

Immensely interested, the black pup saw an enormous Indian performing a war dance far aloft. And yelping cigar muffled cries, he saw the whole apparatus slither earthward with gathering momentum. He also heard a ripping of cloth, saw an undershirt detach itself from a creased brown back and remain waving on a nail near the roof.

Neither Henry nor his vocabulary were injured. Naked to the waist, dabbled from face to feet with scarlet paint,



Immensely Interested, the Black Pup Saw an Enormous Indian Performing a War-dance Far Aloft. And Yelping Cigar-muffled Cries, He Saw the Whole Apparatus Slither Earthwards With Gathering Momentum.

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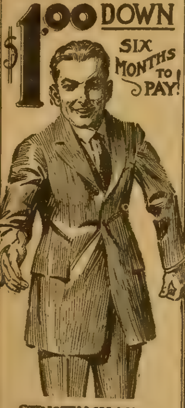

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Henry's frenzied bulk erupted into action. He grabbed for the blasted dog.

For a short fat person, Henry steamed along at an amazing gait. The little pup began to lose sight of the funniness of the episode. He dared not flee kitchenward. The Airedale there had solemnly promised to eat him in one gulp. Toward the hills dwelt the fearsome unknown.

While he hesitated, Henry almost cornered him in a doorway. Forgetting but grasping the priceless cigar, the pup stared about him despairingly for succor. He spied the open cabin door saw a sleep-dazed woman half arising from her pillow. Women were often kind. He flew toward her.

After him skimmed the maniac, Henry, pursuing one idea—to capture his treasured cigar.

A howl and a black whirlwind streaked thru Mrs. Macklin's doorway. A yell and red-brown volcano crashed after him.

Before Mrs. Macklin's dumfounded Eastern eyes loomed an enormous redman, naked, ornamented with full panoply of crimson paint, who emitted warwhoops. In his hand he brandished a club.

Confronted by oncoming, immediate death, Mrs. Macklin used the sole weapon left to a woman in her perilous position.

She screamed once, found her lungs capable, kept on screaming, her eyes shut, her body momentarily expecting the frightful, obliterating crunch of a warclub. She clasped her abundant hair.

Beneath the bed she sensed an upheaval, snarls, gutteral exclamations, high-pitched puppy woe. She heard one more human shout, a long drawn-out triumphant chant. Then the uproar semed to draw away toward the glad outside. Another voice, a woman's ravingly indignant tones, which endeavored to remain low-pitched.

MRS. MACKLIN regained enough courage to uncover her face. She saw Mrs. Pelham, furious and snapping eyed, addressing vehemently the savage Indian. She saw a running chambermaid. Another chambermaid, the choreboy, a stream of guests swelled the little crowd. A woman, the assistant manager, was patting her on the back and telling her everything was all right, oh! quite all right.

Mrs. Macklin began to realize she was not yet dead. She threw around her a pretty kimono. Her terror commenced to give way to anger. She felt exhilarated, thrilled as she had not been for years. Fumbling for her slippers, she rose from the bed. This—this—unclothed object was the thing she'd watched from her window painting a roof. It held in one hand a battered tinfoil-coated article about which it was gesticulating and explaining in hoarse, agonized tones. In the other viselike hand a sorrowing pup was dangling by the scruff of his neck; he was being employed as punctuation marks.

Never had Henry felt the strain and worry of existence as he did then. Mrs. Pelham's visage had a peculiar stoniness he had never observed before. The blue suit, the giddy tie, the patent leather shoes, the shy approval of Lolita began to recede even beyond the possibilities of dreams. His frantic, hopeless brain saw these glories fading faster than any melting mirage of the desert.

As Mrs. Macklin reached the door, helped by the friendly arm, she heard Mrs. Pelham say ominously

"Henry, your one-eyed horse is in the barn. You've created enough [illegible] here to last us for ten years——"

Mrs Macklin's long absent sense of humor revived. Her fear banished. She felt that she'd never in her life seen anything quite so side-splitting as this enormous Mexican-Indian, nude shock haired, paint splashed. Nor had she ever in her life seen a more witless expression of consternation on a human face.

A reaction surged over her. She felt a giggle coming. It was assisted by the despairing Chollo.

"D—m dog steal my ceegar. I get 'im! Tha's all."

"And your horse is in the barn, Henry! And that's all, too!" snapped Mrs. Pelham, who pictured the swift departure of her most important and socially prominent guest. With Mrs. Macklin's patronage and approval, she'd have the cream of the rich trade!

Mrs. Macklin noted a gelatine shaking of the babyish, beady-eyed Indian face.

"Oh, d—m!" mourned Henry, his utterance rising to a squeak. "Now no blue suit. No shirt. No shoes. No job, no money! No—no—Lolita!"

He paused. The interested audience perceived a tear as fat as himself ooze forth.

"Oh, d—m!" he wailed. "No Lolita!"

MRS. MACKLIN chuckled rustily, then uncontrollably. She laughed at Mrs. Pelham's cast-iron countenance, at Henry's tear, at the black pup still suspended by the scruff of his neck, at the crushed cigar.

She laughed until she was dizzy, until the others were reduced to breathlessness, till Henry himself was smitten with a ray of hope, and mopped away the tear. At the resulting smear, Mrs. Macklin simply croaked.

Mrs. Pelham was restored to equanimity. Her face smoothed. She became suavely placating. Mrs. Macklin waved her away.

"Never mind!" she gasped. "Never mind! Just see that Henry paints my roof next and—and—charge to my account for him a box of your very best ceegars!"

THE END

* * *

A Slight Slip.

(Continued From Page 6.)

searching his clothes in the dark for something he failed to find.

"Yuh. I got it, Greeny. The whole bulk."

Greeny stepped up close, peering down at the dark figure kneeling before the safe. "Hand it over and let's beat it," he hissed. "This ain't no social hall tea."

Farrell got up. "Gee, what a whale of a smash," he cried. "Ten thousand Greeny you——"

"Shut up, you nut. What you talking so loud for. Come on, hand it over." Greeny held his flash on the bills in Farrell's hand. "Hand it over. What's the matter with you?"

"Half, Greeny. And I want it right now before we move one step."

"Hand it over, or I'll bore you on the spot." Greeny's voice was hard.

Farrell chuckled. "No danger about that, Greeny. I got your gun. Slipped it off you in the cellar."

Greeny swore. "I'll fix you," he declared. "The newspapers get your history in the morning."

"But I got ten thousand, Greeny. I can make a clean get-away."

Greeny made a grab for the bills. Farrell promptly knocked him down. Greeny fell backward over a chair. The rug was thick, however, the fall made little noise. Farrell was in the act of cramming the bills into his coat pocket when a door slammed with the crash of a falling world.

Greeny was on his feet in a flash. Ready to dash for the cellar. Farrell shoved a gun against his ribs.

"Don't you leave me here," he said hoarsely. His voice had a note of command that caused Greeny to whirl in his tracks. Just then the room was flooded with light.

Both turned and saw before them a big man in a red robe with an automatic in his hand.

"Plug him, plug him," screamed Greeny at Farrell. "You fool don't stand there like a wall."

Farrell did stand like a wall, however. He seemed flustered. On his face was an expression of dumb surprise. The hand that held the gun hung limp at his side.

"Oh, it's you, eh, Farrell?" It was the man in the red robe speaking. "I got the note you left your wife. Was waiting for you. You're a master actor, Farrell. You should have stayed on the stage."

Greeny turned for his dash. "Stop" yelled the man. The door was too far away to take a chance. Greeny stopped.

"Did you ever meet Mr Winterhill, Greeny," came in Farrell. "I think you did once."

Greeny spun around upon Farrell with the rage of a wild bull. "You'll get yours for this," he yelled.

Winterhill stepped up close to the raving man. "Know me, Greeny?"

Greeny took one long look, then fell back with a choked cry. "My God, it's Dreamy."

Winterhill smiled calmly. "And the pretty part is that you haven't a thing on me, Greeny. I'm not the only man with dreamy eyes, Greeny. You will have a long time to think this over. It was a little brain twisting that mixed you up, [illegible]. My number is [illegible] West Woodham. Mr. Farrell's is [illegible] East Woodham."

Detective Alden Farrell turned to the [illegible]

THE END

* * *

English as Understood.

French Valet—M'sieur an' Madame, las' night they 'ave—how you say—a box party.

American Acquaintance—What theater?

French Valet—Theater! Non! No theater. He box. She box. Very angry. He got two black eyes!

* * *

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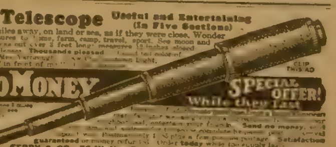

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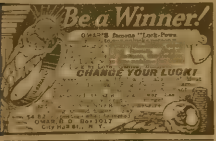
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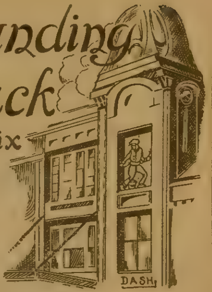

The Bounding Steeplejack

By Caleb Enix

IT APPEARED that Justice was to triumph at last—that, constrary to precedent a woman, and a pretty woman at that, was about to pass thru the rear door of the old North Side Criminal Court to Murderers' Row in the County jail instead of down the broad front steps to the street—and liberty.

Even the hardened professional court fans shuddered as little Edna Primm was led into the railed enclosure and motioned to a seat at the table of her counsel. She was a pretty little thing and it was too bad that it had to be her, but there must be an end to the immunity that so long had been enjoyed by women in Chicago who had looked too lightly upon human life. The papers had said so, and the fans were convinced that the time had come for a real sensation.

And Hemp Kelly was directing the prosecution! This fact alone was sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of the guilty. Kelly had held the office of Assistant State's Attorney less than a year, but in that brief time he had sent nearly a dozen gunmen to the gallows and more than a score of others to State Prison. It was Kelly's success in winning capital punishment verdicts that had caused him to be known as Hemp.

Edna Prim was charged with the murder of her employer, a prosperous young broker. When Barney Rinshaw was found dead at his desk in his private office, Edna was standing just behind him, clutching with her right hand the revolver from which the fatal bullet had been fired. Employes of Rinshaw & Company had rushed in from the other offices immediately after being startled by the report of the revolver. No one, it was admitted, had had an opportunity to escape from the room, and, altho the window facing the street was open, it was pointed out that it would have been impossible for the shot to be fired from the outside, for the company's offices were on the seventeenth floor of the Carson building, a twenty story structure on the edge of the Loop, and there was not another building within a block more than ten stories high

The bullet had entered the back of the broker's head and at right angles. Suicide was out of the question. Rinshaw, the facts showed, was just about to light a cigar preparatory to reading the morning papers when the act was cut short by the deadly missile. This was evident from the fact that even in death his left hand clutched a cigar while in his right hand was held with equal firmness a box of safety matches.

The case looked dark indeed for Edna Primm. Had she not been found standing behind the murdered man still holding the revolver with which he had been killed? And yet she had thruout protested that she was innocent.

Acquittal seemed impossible. And with Hemp Kelly prosecuting there was little doubt that she would get the rope, as the court fans referred to the death penalty.

But when, after the jury had been selected, the trial reached the point of the presentation of the State's case and the examination of witnesses, a new mystery entered the case. Hemp Kelly had retired from the prosecution, leaving the State's interests in the hands of Gregory Heath, who had appeared originally as his assistant. This was naturally a great disappointment to the caloused spectators.

"Guess it's too simple a case for Hemp to waste his time on," was the general comment. And, as the hearing progressed, this view seemed wholly justified. In relinquishing the case to his assistant, however, Kelly had informed the court that urgent business had called him out of the city. He had just received a telegram which he held in his hand as he made the announcement. This fact, or at least any significance that might be attached to it, escaped every one present, altho it later was to form a link in the chain of circumstances that provided a sensation sufficient to startle the whole city

THE trial progressed rapidly enough, but a life was at stake and Prosecutor Heath had a reputation to make, so it was near the close of the second day of the actual trial—the examination of witnesses—when the State excused its final witness. It had been commented upon that apparently not a witness had been summoned by the defense

"Miss Primm will take the stand," Attorney Long, sole counsel for the prisoner, announced.

The courtroom became as silent as the grave. Necks were craned from every direction as the little prisoner, apparently not in the least frightened, stepped into the big chair. After a few perfunctory questions, during which she had given her place of residence and her age as 21, the attorney for the defense asked:

"Miss Primm, did you kill Barney Rinshaw?"

"I did not," was the answer in clear bell-like tones.

"Now, tell the jury, as nearly as you can remember it, just what took place in your office the morning of the murder," the lawyer pursued in kindly tones.

The little defendant shuddered, but, with what appeared to be a heroic effort to repress any display of emotion, she testified as follows:

"I arrived at the office just at 9 o'clock that morning. Usually I was first—before Mr. Rinshaw—but I found the door unlocked, and just as I opened it Mr. Rinshaw looked up from his desk and spoke. He was sitting at the flat top desk with his back to the window and his face toward the entrance. This was where he always read the morning papers.

"My locker is—or was—as you know just to the right of the window which opens on the street. I had just removed my hat and was about to place it in the locker when I was startled by a report as of a gunshot. I turned horrified just in time to see Mr. Rinshaw fall forward with his face upon the desk. At the same moment I was attracted by the falling of some object upon the floor about six feet behind him and over near the window. It was the pistol. I don't know why I did so, but I picked the thing up, and was standing there holding it when they came running in from our other offices"

"What was said—what did you say when the others came in?"

"I scarcely know what happened. I can't recall what I said, if I said anything at all. I was dazed. In a short time the policemen came and took me away. I——"

Here the witness broke down completely, and it seemed for a moment that she would fall from the big chair. She collected her faculties quickly, however, and started to speak again, but her attorney interrupted her.

"Now, Miss Primm," he said soothingly, "just pass over what happened at the police station—just forget the brutal treatment you received there and answer this question: Was this window which faced upon the street open?"

"Yes, it was wide open. I noticed that as soon as I came in, for as I was generally at the office first, it had been my custom to open the window before removing my hat and cloak. But the bullet could not have been fired from the outside," she volunteered, "because our office is seven stories above the top floor

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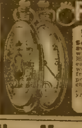

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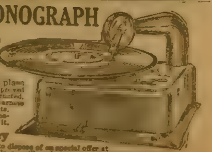

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of any building across the street, or in the entire block, I believe."

Prosecutor Heath beamed. The court fans gasped. If the State's witnesses had not told enough to convict her, it seemed that the defendant was determined to hang herself.

The attorney for the defense made no effort to check her, and if he had been annoyed by her statement, his expression failed to betray the fact.

"You may take the witness," he said calmly, turning to Heath.

The prosecutor, gloating over what he sensed as certain victory, and with the prospect of a record in sight—there had been within a dozen years some thirty women tried in this same court for murder without a conviction—leaped from his chair with accentuated alertness and began a vigorous cross-examination.

The others had escaped punishment usually upon pleading that broad term "betrayed confidence." But now it was different. Thus far not a breath of scandal had entered the case. Brinshaw had gone to his death without a blemish against his character. No painted women followed his coffin to the grave. No mystery woman had appeared at the trial. Even the defense had not raised so much as a whisper against his manner of living. This was something absolutely new in a trial in this dingy old court where a woman was accused of the murder of a man with whom she had not associated in anyway.

And the defense had offered nothing to refute the State's witnesses. A mere denial of the charge by the prisoner was the only defense. On the other hand, the defendant herself had just testified that Rinshaw could not have been killed by a bullet fired from the outside. She had seen no one else in the room and there was no place that one could hide. There was but one entrance from the other offices, and the murdered man's face had been toward the door—and he was shot in the back of the head. Miss Primm had been found holding the pistol and standing in such a position that she could have fired the shot so that the bullet would strike his head at right angles, assuming that he had leaned slightly forward, as men do, when they are about to light a cigar.

Yes, it looked like a record for Mr. Gregory Heath, and he thanked his stars, as he began the cross-questioning, that Hemp Kelly had retired from the case.

"Now, you have testified that you saw the pistol drop upon the floor six or eight feet behind your employer just after you heard the report," he fairly bellowed. "Where did it drop from?"

"I said about six feet—not six or eight feet," the witness replied with amazing calmness. "I don't know where it came from. I saw it apparently just as it struck the floor."

"Why are you so positive that it was six feet and not eight feet away?" he shouted again.

"Because just a few days previously I had helped measure the floor for a rug that Mr. Rinshaw planned to buy, and it was just nine feet from the desk, or table, as you call it, to the window. The pistol was about three feet from the window when I picked it up."

This ready answer seemed to nettle the prosecutor, and he continued even more ferociously:

"How did you happen to see the pistol fall? Did the sound of its falling attract your attention?"

"No, I did not hear any sound except the report of the shot, and that was still ringing thruout the room when I first saw the pistol."

"Now, Miss Primm"—Heath leaned toward her and in a voice of mock sympathy deliberately mispronounced her name, it appeared—"you were in love with Mr. Rinshaw, were you not?"

"Yes; we were to be married within a month," came the reply without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah, yes! And there was another girl, Miss Trottingham, was there not"

"Mr. Rinshaw was in love with no other girl. He had been engaged to the estimable lady to whom you refer, but their courtship had been ended months before by mutual agreement."

"But you know that he called on Miss Trottingham the evening before the murder?"

"I know that he had meant to do so and Miss Trottingham told me afterward that he did so."

"Quite so. Miss Trottingham was known both as a wealthy and beautiful young woman. Naturally you were a little bit piqued—a little jealous?"

"Not in the least. It was at my suggestion that he went to her home."

Apparently satisfied that he had laid the foundation for a motive—an element considered necessary in all murder trials—and, perhaps, realizing that the witness was making too good an impression upon the jury, the prosecutor switched to what lawyers often refer to as a new tack, but was interrupted by a question from the bench.

"What was the object of Mr Rinshaw's visit to Miss Trottingham?" the court asked.

"She had asked him to bring me to see her. You know the papers had made quite a fuss about the breaking off of their engagement, and, as both had become engaged again—they—we all—thought that if we could arrange a party together it woud stop the gossip. Her fiance was present when Mr. Rinshaw called"

"Where is Miss Trottingham now?" the judge asked the prosecutor.

"In Europe, I believe." Heath replied.

"On her honeymoon," Miss Primm supplemented.

With a few more questions, mainly inconsequential, Heath announced, "That's all." Attorney Long arose and in an apologetic manner announced that his re-direct examination of the witness would be rather extensive and, as it was almost time for adjournment, he would like to defer further questioning of the witness until the following morning.

"Your honor can see that she is almost exhausted," he said, "and I have another wintness here that I should like to question before the afternoon adjournment."

The court readily consented, and Attorney Long asked Mr. Heath to take the stand.

The mere calling to the witness stand of the opposing attorney in any trial civil or criminal, is seldom looked upon as unusual, but this simple move by the attorney for the defense in the case of he People versus Edna Primm seemed to surprise every one present, and to disconcert Mr. Heath considerably. Perhaps it was due to the mental tension that prevailed at this important phase of the trial and again it possibly was one of those rase cases of psychological reaction that never is explainable.

"Mr Heath, you have introduced here in evidence a statement signed and sworn to by this defendant." Attorney Long said in a voice still half apologetic. "Did Miss Primm make that statement in your presence?"

"No," was the hesitating answer.

"Statements were made to the police or to representatives of the State's Attorney's office immediately after the murder, by all the witnesses who have testified here, I believe," the attorney pursued

"Yes, I believe so."

"Were written statements taken from any who have not appeared here as witnesses?"

Heath hesitated for a brief period, and then replied:

"Yes, I recall that we had a statement from Miss Trottingham"

"Any one else? A certain workman, for instance?"

"Yes; we had a written statement from a window washer who was at work two stories above the murdered man's office He had seen nothing; couldn't even tell from the sound the direction of the pistol shot; so we did not consider his testimony as in any way material."

"In other words you let him go away and thought no more about him?"

"Just so."

"Did you ask him whether an airplane had passed by Mr. Rinshaw's window? Did it ocur to the State's Attorney's office that it might have been possible that the murderer fired from an airplane thru the window and killed the broker?"

The general laughter thruout the courtroom nettled the witness and as

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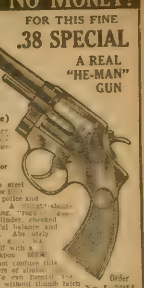

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soon as the court had demanded order, he replied spiritedly.

"No, that thought no more occurred to us than would have been the supposition that this missing window washer, strapped to a ledge twenty feet above the window, might have contrived to curve a bullet thru the window of the broker's office."

"Then you are quite certain that the window washer could not have committed the crime?"

"I appeal to your honor that this silliness has gone quite far enough," Heath told the court.

"The witness needn't answer," was the ruling.

"Now Mr. Heath," Attorney Long resumed, apparently undaunted, "will you tell this court and this jury just why Hemp Kelly absented himself from this trial?"

"For the reason that he gave the court, I presume."

"Do you not know it to be a fact that Kelly has insisted from the beginning that this girl is innocent and is it not also a fact that you fear at this minute that he will return and, as the State's counsel of record in this case, resume the prosecution before the cause is sent to the jury? As a matter of fairness, will you not tell this jury that Hemp Kelly is now working day and night to help bring the real murderer to justice?"

Again the court ruled that the witness need not answer, but Attorney Long seemed quite satisfied and quite unconscious of the commotion this battery of questions had caused, especially among the young men at the press table. What did it all mean? The reporters—those of the evening papers—did not wait for court to adjourn. Within less than an hour "Extra big sensation in the Primm trial!" was being shouted by newsboys thruout the Loop. And it was a sensation, for every one knew that if there had not been some foundation for Attorney Long's questions the Assistant State's Attorney would not have objected to answering.

AND the morning papers followed up with screamers. They told of a futile effort thruout the night to find Kelly, and gave the additional interesting information that Jimmie Callahan, the cleverest detective in the city, had disappeared at about the same time that Kelly had departed on that "urgent business trip."

The result was that when the hour arrived for the opening of court the following morning bailiffs were compelled literally to fight back the mob that sought admission.

Edna Primm resumed her place in the witness chair, and her attorney sat for a moment as if at a loss for a question with which to proceed. Finally he asked, half listlessly:

"Miss Primm, you testified yesterday that the window leading from your office to the street was wide open at the time of the tragedy. Now, from your position as you were about to place your hat in the locker and when the shot was fired, could you see the window—that is, if there had been some one just outside, or, say even upon the window sill could you have seen that person?"

"No, my view of the window was wholly obstructed by the locker."

"That is all, Miss Primm?" Attorney Long announced.

"That is all," came in guttural tones from the prosecutor.

"The defense rests," Attorney Long announced.

"The State rests," the prosecutor announced.

An exclamation of surprise and disappointment came from the court fans. Was this to be the end of an entertainment so highly advertised? This question was written upon every face in that compact rectangle of humanity. Then there came another exclamation. "Hemp Kelly!"

IT WAS indeed the famous prosecutor of murderers. He came down the aisle in long strides and behind him came two other men. They were walking side by side and their progress was somewhat slower.

"Jimmie Callahan!" was the next exclamation, both from the professional court fans and the reporter's table.

But who was that with Callahan—handcuffed to him.

Kelly walked straight up to Heath and, bending over whispered something that no one else could quite hear. Then in a voice audible as far away as the press table, he suggested that the State ask that the case against Edna Primm be nolle prossed.

In a voice considerably louder, Heath was heard to say: "You make the request, then, I'm d—d if I do."

Meantime Callahan with the man who was handcuffed to him was standing before the judge. Kelly addressed the court while Heath was excusing himself surlily and starting away with his hat in hand.

"Your Honor, the State asks that the case against Edna Primm be nolle prossed and at the same time begs the pardon of the court and the jury, and especially of this young girl who has suffered such an injustice. We have here the man who killed Mr. Rinshaw. He has confessed."

The placing of the proper evidence before the court consumed but a brief period of time. It was found quite sufficient, and Edna Primm not only was freed, but was thoroly exonerated.

"I don't know how to thank Mr. Kelly for catching the brute that killed Mr. Rinshaw," Miss Primm said a short time later when she, her attorney, Callahan and the judge were discussing the affair in the court chambers.

"Save all your thanks for Jimmie Callahan," Kelly told her and with sincere honesty. "He's the man who turned the trick."

"We must hear how it was done," the judge demanded, directing his attention to Callahan.

"It was very simple as it seems now," Callahan replied modestly. "It was Hemp's idea from the first, however, whatever he may say. He told me the little girl was innocent, but at the same time he couldn't see how any one else could have done it. I couldn't see, myself, yet I fell in with his view that she was not guilty.

"First, we had to find some one else who had both a motive and an opportunity. The first thing was to find the man with a motive. Then, naturally, we could check up and learn whether he had an opportunity.

"We learned soon that one George Vogel had some years previously threatened Mr. Rinshaw's life. Vogel had been sent to the pen for robbery. Unfortunately Mr. Rinshaw had found it his duty to appear as a witness against him. In fact, without the broker's testimony there would have been no case. Vogel went away to prison vowing vengeance.

"The prison records showed that Vogel left the penitentiary a few months before the murder. Now, the thing was to find him. We hunted far and wide, and it was just a few days before this trial opened that we got our first definite clew. It was quite by accident. We had been combing Vogel's former haunts without avail.

"One night, tired and discouraged, we dropped into a picture show. We witnessed a rather tiresome gush play and then there appeared upon the screen a freak stunt. It was called 'The Bounding Steeplejack.' A man was first shown strapped to a flag pole. We could see the straps distinctly. The next thing we knew he was falling, but suddenly he stopped and bounded back upon the pole. After that he bounded in the same manner, from ledge to ledge, down the wall of a tall building, then bounded up two or three stories and halted upon the sill of an open window.

"Of course this about completed our quest; that is, if the actor proved to be Vogel and we could locate him. We hurried out of the show, and while Hemp talked with the manager I called the station and got one of the dicks that questioned the window washer to come out. He could see a likeness, but still could not say positively that the actor and the window washer were one and the same. Vogel's picture in the police gallery also failed to give us positive proof, for there was not a closeup in the film.

"Still we were positive that we were on the trail of our man. Thru the motion picture concern we learned the actor's address. Of course he had adopted a new name. We found him in Milwaukee only last night, altho we had been hot upon his trail since before the trial began. He is a clever fellow. He studied out his plan for revenge while in prison. The straps to which he attached himself to the window ledge were only a little more elaborate in appearance than those used by the professional window washer, but taken as a whole the device is a most intricate bit of mechanism. It consists of elastic cords and a number of wire springs.

"The motion picture proposition, he admitted to us, came as an afterthought following the murder. Also, he acknowledged that the union card he carried when he was taken to the station as a witness was a forgery.

"That's about all there is to tell, only I'm glad to have been of service to this young lady."

"Mr. Callahan, you have accomplished something that few detectives in this city can boast of," said the judge without the usual judicial solemnity. "And Mr. Kelly, I am greatly encouraged to know that at last we have on the State's attorney's staff a man who realizes that it is the public prosecutor's duty to shield the innocent as well as to punish the guilty."

THE END.

* * *

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In case of an accident resulting in broken bones, any tension caused by clothing should be removed and the patient kept quiet, lying down. Should there be any bad cuts, indicating that arteries have been severed, it is important to tie something around the arm or body which will stop the flow of blood. A handkerchief may answer the purpose. It should be tied between the wound and the heart.

"If possible, in case of an accident, call for a policeman," says Mr. Brokaw. "Undertake to get the names and addresses of all who saw what happened. This may be difficult, as many object to going on the witness stand to testify regarding an accident. Make a sketch of the exact position of the cars with measurements from the cars to the curb or edge of the road and show the direction in which the cars were moving.

"If a camera can be obtained take pictures of the wreckage from different points of view. They will be good evidence. If the wheels of the car were locked by the brakes, there will probably be a mark on the road or pavement. Indicate this on the sketch.

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"Avoid letting members of the crowd that may have collected change the position of anything until all necessary data is obtained. Be sure to include in the memoranda taken the names and numbers of all cars involved, together with the license numbers and the names and addresses of owners, drivers and all occupants and any others injured."

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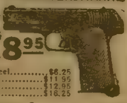

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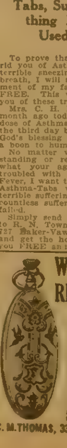

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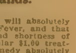

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VOTES FOR WOMEN
VOTES FOR WOMEN
WOMEN'S RIGHTS
WOMEN'S RIGHTS
J. Brown

SOMETHING WRONG WITH MOTHER

By

MABEL DILL

IT WAS the second Tuesday in the month. The Membership Committee of the Suburban Sunshine Club was lunching with Mrs. Drown. In the center of the table was a large bowlful of buttony white chrysanthemums. Outside on the lawn could be seen more of these, and a row of beeches stood like trees of gold along the street. A smell of burning leaves drifted in at the window.

There was a little flush on Mrs. Drown's wrinkled old face and her hands trembled with excitement as she poured the chocolate.

"I don't know when I've had so much fun!" she giggled. "But Alice won't like it! She don't ever let me lift a finger. She told me to postpone things, when she found she had to go to that funeral. But I decided I just wouldn't!"

"Just have to break over once in a while, don't you?" Mrs. Wagner, a handsome old lady with white hair wonderfully arranged, put out an aristocratic hand toward the bread-plate. "My, Mrs. Drown, your biscuits are certainly fine. They're just—blame good!"

A little ripple of surprise ran around the table.

"Oh, you needn't be surprised at anything I say today!" laughed Mrs. Wagner. "Now that Mrs. Drown's cut loose no tellin' what I'll do! You know—'confidentially,' sometimes I get so tired being held in all the time I feel as if I'd love more than anything in the world to begin and say all the slang and bad grammar and cusswords I ever heard of! I don't know which is worse—havin' to be so careful of my talk, or wearin' these here fussy clothes!" with a contemptuous glance down at her modish gray crepe. "It's, 'Mother, don't do this!' and 'Mother, don't do that!' until I nearly go wild. Do you know I haven't drunk a cup of chocolate in months, just 'cause Gertrude says it'll make me fat? I tell you dietin's awful! One of these days I'm going on a spree! I'm goin' down town and order me fried stuff and sweet stuff and bananas and crabs and nut ice cream and mince pie and coffee and everything else on the bill Gertrude'd say I ought not to have.' Funny how our children want to tell us everything we should do."

"Funny how we do it." Mrs. Drown passed the olives. "Now I like housework. But George and Alice don't want me to do it, so I just set 'round and hold my hands. They say I'm gettin' too old to work, that I've done my share and they want me to rest. Me rest? I'm as strong as Alice any day! You know what I'd like to do? I've got furniture of my own stored away in the Union Trust and I'd like to get me a house and a cat and maybe a victrola and a telephone, and just stay there and work and get as tired as I pleased! But goodness, no use talkin' about it. I asked them once if I couldn't have them two rooms over the garage and Alice thought I was losin' my mind. I heard her tell George there surely must be something wrong with mother!"

"Well, this is what I'd like to do——" Mrs Wagner took another spoonful of whipped cream. "I'd like to keep a store! Oh, not groceries or anything. What I mean is a sort of fancywork place, where women could come to knit and tat and so on, and buy things with maybe a place to serve a bit to eat, and a cup of tea. Oh, that's right, laugh! But that's what I'd like to do!"

Mary Dubose smiled slowly

"Makes me ache just to think of it. If you all had three young ones to take care of—and when a woman gets to be my age things seem harder than when you have your own children—you wouldn't be worrying about work! But Barbara likes to have a good time, so I don't say anything. But I'd like to have some pretty clothes, too, and I'd like to go some place on [illegible] hate myself!"

"It's all because they want to live our lives for us, instead of letting us live them for ourselves!" broke in Rena Dunlop, who was only 42 and the only unmarried one of the little group. "My niece—well, Callie and Julia sent for me when father died and I appreciated it. But you see I didn't know they expected me to keep house. I despise housekeeping—all my life I've despised it! What I've always wanted to do, ever since I was a girl, was to write. When Julia was sick with the flu I took her column on the woman's page for her and no one knew the difference. And once I sold a story and got a check for five dollars!

"Well, Rena Dunlop!" cried Mrs. Drown. "If you can git five dollars just for writin' a story, you stick to it! By the time you've wrote three or four a week you'll be rich in a little while!"

Rena sighed. "I can't find time. And then the girls expect me to be domestic, you see. They take it for granted. And I'm like the rest of you—I haven't the courage of my convictions!"

"That's it," mused Mrs. Wager. "We haven't got any nerve. And we ought to do something. I don't know what, but something!"

They sat silent. Then suddenly old Mrs. Drown straightened in her chair, and excitedly waved her monogrammed napkin.

"I tell you what," her amethyst brooch came unfastened, and she took on a wild, anarchistic look. "Girls! Let's go on a strike! Let's get out! You know that flat that's for rent down next to the Baptist church? Let's take it, and go and live in it! My furniture, you know, and Mrs. Wagner, there's your store down below. I'll do the work and you can all board with me, and——

"Oh, we could dress as we pleased!" sighed Mrs. Wagner.

"Yes!" raptly, from Mary Dubose.

"And I could buy me a typewriter!" Rena's eyes shone.

"And I could get me a victrola!" Mrs. Drown almost squealed. "Oh, girls, let's do it!" She arose excitedly

"I don't see how Callie and Julia would manage," demurred Rena.

"Get married!" laughed Mrs. Wagner. "[illegible] told Gertie not long ago that was the reason they didn't, on account of you."

A banner of red swept Rena's face.

"On account of me!" She made an indignant little gesture. "Well, I'll just show them'"

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Mary Dubose agreed. "Will be for Barbara, I know. But gracious, she'll make a fuss!"

"They'll all do that," Mrs. Wagner threw up her chin. "Let 'em! We're of age, and we've a right to do as we've a mind to. Let's wash up these dishes and go down and see about that flat right now, girls, before any one else snaps it. All in favor say, 'Aye!'"

"Aye!" responded four determined voices.

THE flat proved eminently satisfactory, and was rented at once. Then began the excitement, for the furnishing of it proved a perilous undertaking. They had decided to keep things a secret until everything was ready, and their respective families, unable to understand the frequent absences of the ladies from their homes, showed an embarrassing concern as to their whereabouts. This developed in the victims a habit of evasion which, several months back, would have caused any one of the four acute conscience-itis, but which now gave them villainous delight. They had a number of narrow escapes from discovery, but managed to keep their secret until one night when Emma Morris and Ava Sanderson ran them down. The householders, having been over to the flat to hang pictures, were just leaving when the girls, breezing home from the movie, came straight upon them. They proved invaluable allies, however. Charmed with the spirit of their elderly friends, they enthusiastically pledged themselves to assist them, and they made good—especially at the climax of the situation.

On the day that the flat was ready, Ava, calling upon the four families, issued an invitation to a housewarming at this flat, which she said had been rented by "friends of hers." During the course of conversation Ava managed to let fall most innocently, two bits of village gossip—first that Emma Morris was out of town for a few days, second, that Jim Harding was also away.

The rest was easy. Everybody had been wondering somewhat about that flat. Everybody knew that Jim and Emma were engaged. Now the mystery was solved. Emma and Jim had sneaked off to be married and it was their housewarming.

The guests were all there, promptly on time.

The strikers were ready for them, each one of them attired in a style particularly expressive of her own especial taste. Mrs. Wagner looked like her own country cousin, in her black-and-white foulard, made with elbow sleeves and a Dutch collar, her wonderful hair put back smooth and plain from her face, her fine eyes looking out from behind—spectacles! Mrs. Drown had not been able to manage a new dress, but had bought a pink stickup for her hair, and wore carnations. Rena Dunlop had on a white summer dress and a silvery scarf hitherto unworn because the girls had considered it too young for her. Mary Dubose was resplendent in blue taffeta.

The victrola was swinging forth a popular song, a red-shaded lamp stood on the table, a gray cat snoozed on the rug.

"Where's Jim and Emma?" Fat George Drown pulled off his driving gloves.

"Why, mother, you didn't tell us you had sold your furniture!" Allie exclaimed, looking around the room.

"Jim and Emma?" queried Mrs. Drown of her son-in-law, ignoring her daughter's question.

"Oh, come off, Mrs. Drown!" Lester Wagner chuckingly dragged a package of confetti from his pocket. "You can't work that on us—everybody's wise. How soon'll they be here?"

Mrs. Wagner came to the rescue with dancing eyes. "Don't ask so many questions. Sit down. We'll have some music and dance a bit and——"

"But mother, aren't you going to wait until Jim and Emma come?" Gertrude Wagner laid off her furs daintily. "And, mother," lifting her lorgnette, "what in the world have you got on? Where did you resurrect that gown?"

Mrs. Wagner smoothed her foulard complacently.

"This is a new one, Gert. I bought it especially for the occasion. I think it's the cat's whiskers!"

"Mother!"

"But I don't hold a candle to Mary Dubose," went on Mrs. Wagner impishly. "Mary's had Barbara take care of the children three afternoons, so as to get that dress fitted. And believe me, it sure does look classy!"

"Mother!" Gertrude regarded her mother-in-law as if she thought she ought to be committed to a madhouse. Agitatedly she went over and spoke to her husband.

Some of the guests were dancing by now, and after a while Gladys Wagner and Ava Sanderson brought in ice cream and cake. The hostesses steadfastly ignored all allusions to Emma and Jim. Ava giggled and shook her head, an air of mystery shrouded the place.

When the last plate and spoon had been taken out into the kitchen, Mrs. Wagner rose and cleared her throat.

"Well, folks, the mystery is about to be solved. 'Twas a shame to keep you on pins and needles this way, and Emma and Jim aren't run off and married, and now I'll tell you the whole business." And she told them.

When she had finished a clatter broke loose.

"Wait!" Mrs. Wagner raised her hand. "For gracious sake! We're willing to hear from you all, but from all of you at once, my gosh! Now then, people, understand? This thing is done! It's done! It's not that any one of the four of us had any hard feelings. It's just that we're tired of being bossed! We want our right—'women's rights,' Gertie, you used to talk so much about. And if there's any good reason why we shouldn't have 'em, somebody just lead us to it!"

"But, mother!" wailed Gertrude, "—keep a shop! What will people think?"

"Mercy!" Mrs. Wagner began to clean her new spectacles vigorously. "What do I care what they think? Gert, for once in my life I'm more concerned with what I think of myself than with what other people think of me. And I tell you I feel more real respect for myself tonight, in this sensible dress and these sensible shoes and these glasses than for a long time—in those fool fixings I've been sporting. Mary and I are going to Keith's tomorrow," she calmly adjusted her spectacles, "and afterwards to Huyler's for a sundae. And if you get too frisky about this we'll CHEW GUM on the cars coming home!"

Poor Gertrude moaned. "Barbara, what are we going to do with them?" turning to young Mrs. Kennerly.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know." Barbara sounded decidedly snappish. "Mother has always pretended to be so fond of the children, but now she seems to have forgotten all about them!"

Mary Dubose moved uncomfortably in her chair. Then she spoke up bravely, "I am as fond of the children as I ever was, Barbara, but—after all, they're your children!"

Off in another corner, "A woman is as old as she feels!" little old Mrs. Drew was declaiming. "Pshaw, Alice, I won't get sick nothing of the kind! Anyway, I'd rather wear out than rust out!"

The Dunlop girls had said nothing. They had merely looked dazed. Now Rena whispered to Julia:

"Ju, who—washing the dishes and things—I just can't! It isn't fair to——"

Julia turned somewhat fiercely upon her sister.

"Fair?" she flamed. "Can't you see WE haven't been fair?" She dashed to her aunt and threw an arm around her shoulders.

"Auntie, I'm with you!" she cried. "I'm with you to the last ditch!"

THE men, so far, had said nothing. They had listened to Mrs. Wagner attentively, now and then a chuckle had escaped one or the other of them, but for the past they had looked grave. Now they got together for a few moments, and then Lester Wagner came into the center of the room and rapped on the table for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen! The masculine contingent have weighed and considered this case—er—er—and having done so, declares itself on the face of the evidence offered, as unanimously in favor of the upholding of woman's rights—in the present instance. Seriously, folks," Lester fell into his natural tone, "I think they're right. I guess we didn't realize how it was and we men think——"

Julia suddenly sprang to his side.

"Girls, don't let the men get ahead of us! I say we women give three cheers for the strikers!"

The "girls" gave them, rather heartily too. Then there was a great deal of handshaking, talking and laughing, a few tears, and lastly, a little tour of exploration and sight-seeing.

Then the guests said good night and went home, Lester and his daughter distributing confetti lavishly.

The four women sat down to talk things over. They talked a long time. Presently Mrs. Wagner yawned and got up slowly out of her chair.

"We—ell, it's good to have things settled so nice, ain't it, girls? M-m, these shoes feel great!"

Rena Dunlop rose from where she had been sitting on the floor. Her silvery scarf fell from her shoulders and left her rosy and gleaming in the glow from the lamp.

"I'm going with Julia to the meeting of the Writers' League tomorrow night," she crooned. "And I've got so many plots in my head I just don't know where to begin! No more dishwashing, no more cooking, no more furnace tending for me!" She waved the lovely scarf—"no more anything but just to write!"

Mary Dubose smiled. "Well, as for me, tomorrow I'm going to stay in bed till 11 o'clock—and the same every day for a week! Mind, Mrs. Drown?"

"That's all right, Mary." Mrs. Drown took her pink stick-up carefully out of her white hair. "You're here to do just as you've a mind to, ain't you? But it makes ME feel ten years younger a'ready to think about cookin' breakfas'." She got up and then stooped to pick up a handful of the confetti. "My, this stuff's messy, ain't it? Girls, what you think I'm givin' you for breakfast—WAFFLES!"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mrs. Wagner, with the effect of thinking she was perpetrating profanity. They laughed like four schoolgirls and trooped away to bed.

THE END.

* * *

Must Obey the Rules.

The new doorkeeper at the local museum had evidently learned the rules by heart before taking over the job. "Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who was going straight thru the turnstile.

"But I haven't any umbrella."

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Every Cloud Has A Silver Lining

By Irene Flicker

MARIE DUNCAN sat staring into space. The breakfast table stood before her as it had been an hour ago when her husband departed for his work. No, there had been no quarrel; Marie was simply making a mental inspection trip of their life. Was all this ceaseless struggle, skimping and slaving worth while after all? Will, poor boy, was working himself to death, while Don played. It wasn't fair. Don was mean and selfish, he could take a little more of the work and worry of the big museum upon his shoulders.

Will Duncan was museum director in a large Central American city for a New York Research Society. Three years ago he had been assigned this position, together with Don Marston, as assistant director, who was his wife's brother. President Berry had assured the young man that after a year's work in the tropics he would be assigned a position in the home office with a liberal raise in salary. He had taken his bride with him and they had looked upon the trip as a gay expedition, a honeymoon. But when a year had rolled by and still not a word from the home office about a promotion, the rosy-hued spectacles began to lose some of their glow. Don was whiling away the greater share of his time with bright-eyed maidens who wore delicate mantilla's over their dark hair, leaving all of the hard work to Will. This morning was to be an especially busy one as a large shipment of queer rock formations and other curios were to be sent to the home office. Beside, Will had been promised a big fourteen-foot python from the Nancy plantation, which was to arrive that morning by express and somebody must go and get it; and Don, his assistant, was in a neighboring city, having a glorious time with some charming, dark-eyed senorita with whom he had become infatuated, while Will must depend upon the aid of willing but stupid natives. Will and Marie had discussed the matter to some length at the breakfast table and Marie had rebelled against Don's lavish waste of money.

"I could go—home on half the money he is spending on those—oh, it makes me—boil," she sobbed, burying her face in a napkin.

"There, there, dear. I know." Will had arisen hastily and gone to her side. He was very fond of his dainty, blue-eyed little wife. Stroking her golden head gently, he continued: "I'll try and manage to scrape together enough to take us both home. I'll get some kind of a job, if it's nothing better than working on the section. I'm not going to have you buried forever in this beastly hot place."

"No, no, Will, dearest. We mustn't give up the fight. They'll appreciate your work some day. Every cloud has a silver lining, you know. Don't pay any attention to me. Don makes me so angry I could—— But there, drink your coffee before it gets cold." She had finished bravely, smiling thru her tears.

"You are a good little sport," Will had said, kissing her good-by. After his departure Marie had sat at the disordered table a long time thinking. A hot resentment smoldering in her heart against her laughing, sunny-haired brother, President Berry and the world in general, with of course the exception of Will. "Dear, good old Will," she mused aloud. "If it was not for my dear, good, kind husband life would be unbearable."

At last she arose, deftly cleared the table, washed the dishes and set the cozy little home to rights.

ACROSS the city a mile away Don Marston was just alighting from an incoming train. A tall, muscular native accosted him, saying:

"Mr. Marston, beg pardon, but that python just came in by express and the agent ain't anxious about keepin' it here very long. Will you take it to the museum or see that it gets there. I've [illegible] other business for Mr. Duncan [illegible] see to it myself," the man explained.

"Thunderation!" Don exclaimed, very much annoyed. He had an appointment at 10 and it was twenty minutes till 10 then and the museum was a good two miles away. "I'll take to to Mr. Duncan's house and put it upstairs in that little room at the south end of the attic. It can be installed into its cage this afternoon. I have an appointment in twenty minutes," he told the burly truck driver whom he had hired.

The python, tho not large as python's go—a mere fourteen feet—was a sturdy reptile, as thick as a man's thigh. Arriving at their destination Don reconnoitered. He did not wish his sister to become aware of the presence of the snake in the house, as it might cause her needless worry, and also she might ask embarrassing questions. It never dawned on him that she might enter this unused room with its unusal occupant. He was very pleased when he discovered that Marie was visiting on the back porch of a neighbor. He knew then that the coast was clear for some time to come and he proceeded to have the snake dumped into the small room in the attic on the sunny side of the house. In this little room were several large boxes and one large wardrobe trunk.

An hour later Marie suddenly decided that she wanted something that was stored in the trunk in the little south room. She entered it, all unsuspecting, humming a gay little tune, little dreaming of the horrible, coiled death lying behind one of those large packing boxes. While she was rumaging in the trunk the wind blew shut the door and she was very much annoyed to find herself a prisoner in the stuffy little room as the door knob was broken and there was no way of opening it until Will came for lunch. Upon turning back to the trunk she became aware for the first time of her formidiable companion. The reptile had been watching her intently. It was preparing to attack, gathering up its heavy, sinuous coils in readiness to deliver the sledge-hammer blow that precedes its constriction. For a moment the room swam before her eyes. Then spying a heavy stick lying beside the trunk she managed to deter the reptile until she turned the trunk on end and used it as a shield. Taking advantage of its confusion Marie clambered on the trunk, flung open the tiny window high up on the wall and shouted for help.

Two men were coming down the street, they were Don and Will coming home for lunch. Will had run across Don uptown and had very firmly insisted that he help with the work at hand and earn at least a part of his wages. He had consequently missed his engagement, but he had not, as yet, dared to tell his brother-in-law of the snake he had stored in his attic. Faint cries of help floated to their ears. They seemed to come from above. Don glanced up. There, framed in the small window of the south room, was the white, terrified face of his sister. His heart stood still and the cold sweat broke out on his forehead. His tongue cloved to the roof of his mouth and he couldn't speak. Will also glanced up and said with a laugh:

"Marie's got herself locked in that south room. I've warned her to be careful, that door knob's broke, but I guess there's plenty of air in there. She'll be all right until we can let her out." Glancing at Don't livid face he exclaimed: "Why, man, what's the matter?"

"Good God—the python—I—I—I put it——" Don waited to give no more explanation, but dashed off to his sister's rescue. He burst into the room just as Marie realized that she was cornered and closed her eyes and waited the stunning blow. Don sprang across the room, picking up the stick Marie had dropped

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and rapped the snake smartly across the sensitive part of the tail. It turned upon its new adversary, thoroly aroused. Don pulled an automatic from his pocket and sent a bullet plunging thru its head.

"My God, Don, what have you done?" Will shouted, as he ran into the room. Marie had sunk into a sobbing heap on the trunk. Will looked at the huge, writhing coils of the expiring snake and then with a shudder he turned away, and going to his wife tenderly picked her up in his arms, soothing her much as you would a frightened child. After a few moments he said

"Will you explain this, dear?"

"How can she, poor little girl? It is I who is to blame for this near tragedy," Don said contritely. He then confessed, telling the story of placing the snake in this room unbeknown to Marie. Will was wild with anger and had it not been for his wife's clinging arms he might have done Don some serious injury. After a time his anger cooled. Picking Marie up in his arms he carried her down to the sitting-room where he laid her tenderly upon the couch.

"Don," he said sternly, "I want you to see to the removel of that snake from the premises and after that I want to see you in the library."

Don hurriedly departed to do his bidding, returning some time later with a bundle of letters in his hand. Two of them were for Marie. One for Will and one for Don himself. Will tore open his letter, scanned the contents hastly, then he let out one yell, a regular war whoop.

"Why, Will Duncan, what ever is the matter? Are you crazy?" Marie asked in surprise. For an answer he snatched her into his arms and waltzed her wildly about the room. Don was meanwhile staring at his letter with a long face. At last Will paused for breath.

"Listen, Marie," he cried gayly, "we can start for the States just as soon as we can pack our duds. The home office has at last given me that long promised promotion and raise in salary. Glory, but won't the old Liberty Girl look good? How about it, honey?" he asked, hugging her again.

"Oh, Will," was all she could say.

"I suppose, Don, you'll be taking over the house and furniture? Oh, I say, old man," he exclaimed, as he caught a glimpse of his brother-in-law's downcast face, "every cloud has a silver lining, you know. Ours has looked pretty black for the past three years. If Marie and I can stand it, I guess you two can."

"You're right, Will. You and Marie made good and I—I guess I can. But I—Will, I guess I'll go it alone—for a while at least. But I'll keep this house and furniture nevertheless. It seems like home." Don was thinking of the gay, flashing creature he had been playing with and compared her to what he would like to have the future Mrs. Marston be like. The picture did not fit the frame. He suddenly decided that pretty bungalow apron dresses were far more becoming to the future Mrs. Marston than gay evening gowns and lace mantilla's. "But oh, how nearly my reckless selfishness cost you your life, Marie," he cried, flinging his arms about his sister.

"Nonsense, brother mine, forget about it! As to going it alone—Don, some day you will meet the right girl—every cloud has a siver lining, you know, and yours will be brighter than all the rest."

THE END.

THE MARRIAGE LOTTERY

$1000
TICKET $2 CHANCE

by G. F. OVERGAARD

PAUL PETROW sat in his mother's kitchen, his feet on the hearth of the cook stove, his hands fingering a lottery ticket. He had spent two dollars for it some months before and it had stuck in his pocket until this day, when the drawing had been held. And he was the winner. Now, he must tell his mother that he was going to get married. He must get married or refuse the girl and take half the money. Those were the terms of the lottery. He could not refuse her. If he were ever to marry, now was his chance.

His mother came in from the bedroom, where she had put his father to bed.

"He's bad tonight," she said. "Hasn't got a bit of strength to do for himself. I had to lift him into bed."

"Why didn't you call me?" said Paul. "I'd have helped you."

"You do so much, already." Mrs. Petrow began to pick up the dishes from the supper table. "You're tired enough from your day's work."

"I'm not so tired. See here, mother," Paul showed her the ticket, "I've won a wife, today."

"A wife? What would you do with a wife, when it's all you can do to earn money for us three, now father's helpless?" Mrs. Petrow looked at the ticket and then handed it back to Paul.

"The girl has money," said Paul. "She wins it with the lottery. It's like they've been doing in Italy since the war. First they had a beauty contest, here, in Little Italy, for girls who had no dowry. Then they put the winning girl up for lottery and sold chances to marry her. The money from the chances to be her dowry. It brought in a thousand dollars."

"And you had money to spend that way?"

"It wasn't so much. And then, I've won. The girl is pretty and she will have a thousand dollars. It's Nathalie Fillis, the girl in the candy kitchen. Maybe you've seen her?"

Mrs. Petrow rested her dish pan on her lap and sat down facing Paul. "No," she said. "You want to get married and leave us, son?"

"Why couldn't we live all together?" Paul was cross and impatient with his mother for the first time. "The girl will have all that money."

"It takes a wide house to hold two families," said Mrs. Petrow. "And a thousand dollars is not so much when it belongs to the woman. She wants you, does she? She isn't likely to be the one to back out when you're the pick of all the boys in Little Italy."

"She has the choice of marrying me or giving me half the money. I haven't asked her yet." Paul was struck with that side of the question for the first time. "Maybe she won't want me."

"And you have the same choice?" Mrs. Petrow's thoughts went on.

"I suppose so." Paul did not look at his mother and his heavy, black brows drew together in a sulky frown.

"Five hundred dollars would pay off what we owe on the house."

"Is that my debt?"

"We wouldn't have had it, you know, of you hadn't had to go to war. We might have had a little saved up so that you could get married. I want you to have a home of your own. I want you to get married." Mrs. Petrow's eyes overflowed. Her tears fell into the pan of dishes on her lap. She set the pan on the stove-hearth and wiped her eyes on her apron.

Paul sat in silence. He wanted to get married. He had even thought about this girl before she won the beauty contest. And the reason of that was why he had bought the ticket. Two dollars was more than he would spend on a lottery. But he hoped to win her. She was not only the prettiest, she was the most popular girl in Little Italy. She was a smile-queen.

He looked at his mother, angrily. It

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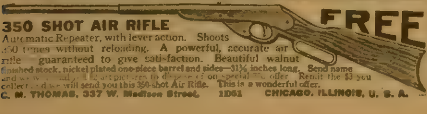

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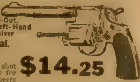

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was an unfair sacrifice she was requiring of him. He wasn't going to work for them forever. His mother's face was sorrow-drawn. It looked like the face of the Madonna in the church. She had carried the burden of all the years of his father's paralysis. She was getting old.

The look in her white face melted Paul. He would not desert his mother now. He tore the lottery ticket across and lifted the stove-lid to throw it into the fire.

"Don't do that Paul." She caught his hand. "Why not take half the money? You won as fair as she did."

Paul pulled away, threw the paper into the welter of soft-coal smoke, and pushed back the lid. "I won fair," he said. "But I won't take half the money and turn the girl down, too."

"You can explain to her about father. If she is a pretty girl, she can easy get some one else."

"She can easier get some one if she has the thousand dollars. I'll draw out and the lottery man can have the drawing over again."

Mrs. Petrow pulled herself to her feet and went to her dish-washing. Her silence told Paul how bitter it was for her to take the sacrifice from him. But how could she help it. A groan from the bedroom told him that his helpless, old father was suffering, too. He picked up the coal bucket and went out, whistling, to get some coal.

The next day he told the man at the lottery office that he was not going to use his chance, the girl could have the money by herself, or they could draw again.

"We can't have the drawing over again," the man decided. "The agreement with the patrons of the lottery required that you marry or else divide the money. If you don't want to marry the girl and don't want half the money, either, you'll have to settle that between yourselves."

SO PAUL went to Nathalie Fillis in the candy kitchen. She was carrying hot chocolate to people in the back of the store where the little iron tables were. She had on a black dress that made her cheeks look like roses. And her eyes looked blacker than ever because of her ruffly white cap and apron. Altho she smiled at Paul and blushed a rosier red, she kept on getting chocolate for people.

It was a cold day, raw and with a biting wind. The people drinking chocolate with fur coats thrown back looked very comfortable and happy. Paul had never sat at one of the iron tables and asked for chocolate. Today he would. It would give him a chance to talk to Nathalie.

She came to get his order with the blush grown deeper still.

"You can drink some chocolate with me," he told her. "I want to talk to you."

"I can't do that." Nathalie smiled and two dimples showed below the corners of her mouth. "But I can talk a little while I serve yours."

He sat down and she stood near holding the back of a chair.

"I don't know whether you intended to marry me or to take half the money," he said. "But I can't get married. I've got my folks to support. You can have the thousand dollars and marry somebody else."

"Half of it is yours, if I don't marry you," said Nathalie.

"But I want you to have it all," Paul said. "It isn't as if I was turning you down. I'd take half of it, if I was, the way the lottery people had it fixed. I just can't get married, that's all. I suppose I never should have bought the ticket."

Nathalie studied him with wide eyes. "What did you buy it for, then?"

It was Paul's turn to blush. But he braved it thru. "Oh, I want to get married, all right," he confessed. "But my folks are dependent on me. It wouldn't be right."

Nathalie went to fill his order and came back with the tray and its steaming cup of cream-topped chocolate. She served him and then sat down in the little iron chair opposite. She rested her chin in her hands and fastened his eyes with a look.

"You knew who was the winner of the beauty contest before you bought that ticket, didn't you?" she asked him.

Paul dangled the long spoon above his cup in embarrassment. "Yes."

"Did you ever think about winning it when you were holding the ticket?"

"I thought about it sometimes."

"When you spent the two dollars for it did you want to win, or didn't you?"

"I thought I'd like to."

Nathalie's eyes fell before this last admission. A little later, she said: "It isn't as if we hadn't known each other before. When they see us dance together at the hall everybody says we make the best-looking couple on the floor. It isn't as if we'd been strangers."

"No." Paul looked into her eyes across the little table and knew that she would have married him without a thought of the money. She cared. With that knowledge, all the thoughts he had had about her crystalized into one thought. He loved her. She was the only girl for him.

Nevertheless, he stood up. He could not forget his mother's face when her tears had fallen into the dish pan. He could not make her more trouble. She had enough.

"I'll tell the man to pay you all the money," he said. "I won't take it and my mother wouldn't have me. Women with no one to keep them from working out, they're the ones that need money. I am strong and can earn what I need."

She was gathering up the tray to make a place for two girls who came along the aisle of iron tables. He waited, hoping that she would look at him once more, that she wasn't offended, but she let him go out without so much as a glance.

THAT night, after supper, he sat with his feet on the hearth while his mother cleared the table. The stove door was open. He watched the glowing coals sift thru the red bars of the grate. His mother washed the dishes and then carried the lamp into the bedroom to read aloud to his father until he could get to sleep.

There came a little tap at the kitchen door and it was opened a crack. A bright face, snuggled in fur with dark eyes under a fur cap peeked in. The door opened and Nathalie Fillis stood there.

"I came to talk to you," she said, as he had said to her in the candy kitchen.

"I won't take the money," he said. He had been thinking of every possibility of the situation since he left her. All afternoon, in the warehouse, where he worked, he had puzzled over it. But that one thing he was sure of.

"I don't want you to take it," she said. "You are strong and can earn what you need. I want it to go to your father and mother. I want them to have it all, my share, too."

"And you?" Paul was looking into Nathalie's eyes and saw there her answer before she gave it. "You will come to me!"

"Why not?" There was only the firelight which invited whispers. Nathalie came close where the glow from the grate fell on her face. "You are strong and can earn what we need."

"You bet I can, and will," Paul told her, while he captured and held her close.

THE END.

* * *

Disarmament.

A lawyer was defending a burglar accused of burglary or house-breaking. "I submit, your Honor," said the lawyer, "that my client did not break into the house at all. He merely saw a window, inserted his arm and removed a few articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself. Why punish his whole body when his arm is the guilty member?"

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The prisoner smiled, took off his wooden arm, and walked out.

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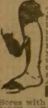

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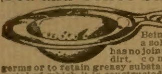

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A Lesson In Proverbs

By Bertha R. McDonald

ELIZA WARD had a reputation for being universally good natured, in spite of the fiery tinge in her crown of glory. The Wards, father and son, had catered to the wants of Asheville in their grocery store on the corner for so many years the town wouldn't have seemed the same with any other name over the doorway.

Thus it came about, when Douglas Ward died and his son elected to woo Dame Fortune in other quarters, Eliza, the daughter and only remaining child, took up the work they had laid aside, merely as a matter of course.

She sold her home, moved into the cozy rooms over the grocery and began the business of carrying on, with little variation in the store's regular routine.

She soon found it necessary to employ some one to help with the heavier duties and young Steve Driscom fitted into the place her brother had vacated as comfortably as an old shoe.

He was thoroly in accord with her conducting of the business in all save one particular. He resented her all too lenient attitude toward the hangers on who daily infested the place, chief among the offenders being Riley Cooper.

Riley bore the unenviable reputation of allowing his wife to earn their living. She raised chickens, sold eggs, baked bread for several families and made the best butter of any woman in the vicinity.

The proprietors of the Ward grocery had tried for years to persuade Jenny Cooper to allow them to handle her butter, but she had steadily refused, saying she had preferred to sell directly to the consumers and pay cash for her provisions.

There were those who averred, a bit unkindly, perhaps, that Jenny was passing wise, thus forestalling any possibility of adding to a family charge account, the cheese, crackers, dried beef, pickles and raisins which her better half was wont to consume during his regular visits to the grocery.

One morning in midsummer Miss Ward was clearing a cracker barrel of its last crisp remnants, when Riley Cooper called out from the doorway, "Why, Liza! The good book says 'Let your light so shine before men,' and here you are trying to hide yours under a barrel!"

Eliza drew her slender figure slowly from the barrel and flashed two shining rows of ivory upon the speaker. "There you go again, Riley"—she laughed—"always quoting proverbs. You must keep steady company with your almanac to be so full of 'em. Never mind—I'll even scores with you some day—see if I don't, and then you'll wish you hadn't poked fun at my old red top-knot!"

"That's a case of 'kill the bear before you sell his skin,' Liza. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' you remember, and 'The early bird catches the worm.' Good morning. I just stopped by to see if any of the boys were here!"

He went on down the street just as Steve Driscom came in thru the rear entrance. "I tell you what it is, Liza," he fumed, "I'd sure shut the door on that package of horseradish if this was my store. He's forever blowin' in here for nothin' under the sun but to fling out a yard or two of them proverbs of his or to crack some fool joke or other on you. The loafer. I'd——"

"Steady, there, Stevy boy," interrupted Eliza. "He isn't such a bad sort and Jenny's a mighty good friend of mine. Riley's a bit flighty on the subject of wise old saws and proverbs, but I'll fill up on a lot of 'em myself one of these days and be primed for him. 'There's more than one way to kill a cat'—how's that for a beginning?"

Several days later Riley Cooper came into the store carrying a small parcel in his hand and Eliza, from an entrenchment behind a pile of soap boxes in the rear, saw him glance furtively about as he laid the parcel on the counter.

"Where's Liza—she isn't here, is she?"

"Well—she was," drawled the boy, instinctively scenting something unusual, "but I don't see her right now. Maybe she's upstairs. Won't I do. What you got there?"

"Butter!" muttered Cooper.

"Good!" exclaimed Steve joyfully, appropriating the butter. "Your wife's finally come across, has she? What—er—what can we give you for your butter, Mr. Cooper?"

"Some other butter," answered the customer doggedly. "I—see here, Steve, this is Jenny's regular churning for ourselves, but a mouse fell into the cream jar—I saw it—she didn't. I fished it out quicker'n it takes to tell it, but when I tried to eat that butter I just couldn't stomach it, that's all. It's good and sweet and to anybody that hadn't seen that mouse it would be one hundred per cent dee-licious. Couldn't you put it on sale and give me some other pat instead?"

Steve was astounded into speechlessness for the moment; this man's audacity was so colossal, but he also was quick enough to play up to this unlooked-for opportunity. He retired to the rear of the store toward the refrigerator and a few deft pats with a wooden ladel soon sufficed to render the Cooper butter roll unrecognizable. He found Eliza bent double with spasms of pent-up mirth, but she managed to whisper: "See that he eats some here, Steve."

"This is the best I can do, Mr. Cooper," apologized the boy thoughtfully. "Better taste it, hadn't you?"

Cooper took the proffered knife, helped himself to a cracker, spread it and tasted it, gingerly at first, the memory of the mouse still lingering uncomfortably with him. Then he repeated the dose, several times.

"Fine, Steve, fine!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. "Whoever made this has sure got my Jen on the run. And say, Steve—it won't be necessary, will it, to make any note of this exchange?"

Eliza Ward chose this psychological moment to thrust her flaming head above the pile of soap boxes, exclaiming between peals of laughter, "Perfectly welcome to your own butter, Ri! The Lord helps them that take a good-sized chunk for themselves, you know. They say the proof of the beefsteak is in the chewing, but not for yours truly when there's been a mouse in the cream!"

Riley Cooper's face turned a livid white as he threw the pat of butter at a passing cat and started for the door.

"What you plant you gather, Ri!" Eliza called after him cheerily, "so you want to watch where you're going before you jump, else you'll be finding out lots of things sparkle that don't happen to be diamonds and the fellow that hollers last usually enjoys his holler best!"

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Something to make Thinkers Think

Puzzling Gardens.

127—1. If I plant a lively boy, what will come up?

2. If a cow is planted, what will come up?

3. If a rich young bachelor is planted, what will come up?

4. If a baby is planted, what will come up?

5. If a boat is planted, what might spring up?

6. If I plant my foot, what will come up?

7. Suppose I plant a theologian, what will come up?

8. If a history is planted, what will come up?

9. If a bee is planted, what will come up?

Answers are all flowers.

A Hidden Inventor.

128—Each of the following sentences contains one word whose initial letter helps to spell the name of a world-famed inventor.

1. Man is the lord of creation.

2. All ore does not contain precious metal.

3. Riches should come thru hard work and economy.

4. The sun and the moon never can be viewed together.

5. One must be earnest to accomplish great things.

Four-Word Square.

129—1. Emaciated.

2. To conceal.

3. What Julius Caesar was bidden to shun.

4. A bird's home.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

124—Easy Beheadings.

1. Orange-range. 2. Fowl-owl. 3. Candy-andy. 4. Plate-late. 5. Heel-eel. 6. Fold-old. 7. Steam-team. 8. Shank-hank.

125—Hidden Proverb.

Many hands make light work.

126—Four-word Square.

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SEVERAL WELL TRAINED HUNTING hounds, male and female, guaranteed to please you at a real bargain; right ages. Write for full description or kind you want. P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

GUARANTEED! COON, OPOSSUM, FOX and wolfhounds, rabbit and skunkhounds, from different strains, trained and untrained. Write for particulars, I. C. Scott, Mayfield, Ky., Star R.

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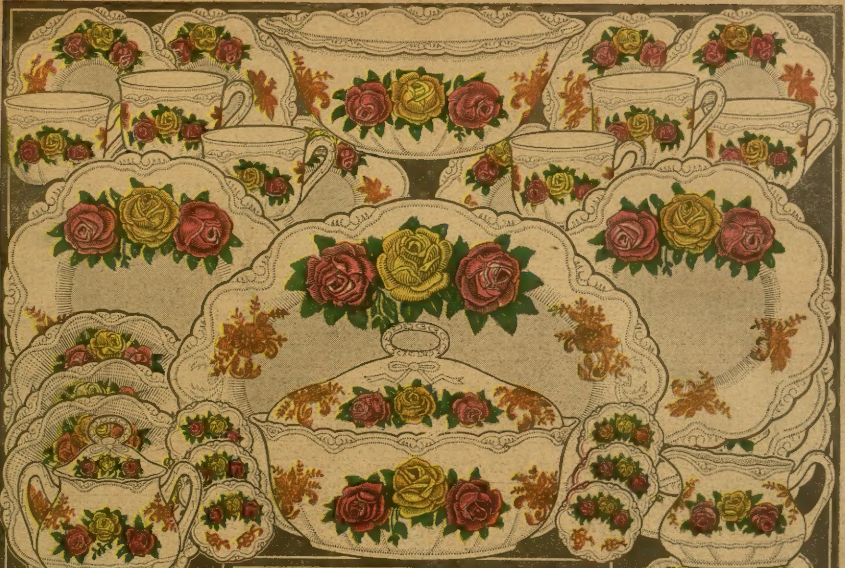

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- 6 Individual Butter or Cup Plates
- 6 Fruit or Vegetable Dishes
- 6 Handled Cups
- 6 Saucers
- 6 Oatmeal or Cereal Bowls
- 1 Handled Cream Pitcher
- 1 Large Deep Vegetable Casserole Dish, and
- 1 Handled Cover for Same
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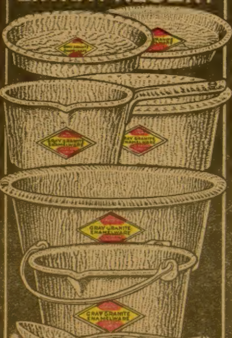

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Dept. 1042 Chicago, Illinois

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